SELECT
Musicall Ayres,
AND
DIALOGUES,

For one and two Voyces, to sing to the *Theorbo*, *Lute*, or *Basse Viol*.

Composed by

John Wilson, *Charles Colman*, } Doctours of Musick.

Henry Lawes, *William Webb*, } Gentlemen.

To which is added some few short *Ayres* or *Songs* for three Voyces, to an *Instrument*.

London, Printed for *John Playford*, and to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple, neare the Church doore.

Anno Domini, 1652.

Playford

A

45
5. 5
162.

To the most Excellent, and accomplished Masters of Musick,

John Wilson, *Charles Colman*, } Doctours in Musick. { { *Henry Lawes*, *William Webb*. } Gentlemen.

HE Philosophers held that the soule of man was *Musick*; not that the being thereof was framed of Numbers, as the *Pithagoreans* affirme: But for that it is the subject of all Harmoniall concents; intimating heerby, the Dignity and High Renowne of that Art which discended from so Noble a Stem, seeking by all means to innoble the same, and that man to be unfit for the society of men, that honoureth not so worthy a Jewell, as *Musick*, which is such a Harmony, skilfully expressed by Instrument and Voyce, which stirs and raises the Affections to Admiration, and is most powerfull when joyned together. Hence grew the heavenly Art of *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and the rest, according to the number, and time of their Poems, framed their number, and time of Musick: And *Plato* defines Melody to consist of Harmony, Number, and Words; Harmony of it selfe naked, Words being its Ornament, and Number the common Friend and Uniter of both: Yet alas! in these our dayes how little is this Worthy Science respected, nay rather scorned, none regarding the melodious Charmes of *Orpheus*, or the inchanting Melody of *Arion*? Therefore for the preservation and expression of this Noble and Heavenly Science, I have heer collected of the Beauteous Flowers which grew in your fragrant Gardens, these sweet Ayres for Instrument and Voyce, hoping you will not conceive the Spiders Web to be the worse being woven out of her owne Bowels, nor is the Bees Hony the worse, though gathered of severall Flowers. The Worke is yours, You by whom Musick may thinke her selfe richly graced and beautified by your rare skill and knowledge in this Science, in which you are most richly blest, and by you is this most excellent Science preserved alive in this Nation: Therefore the praise belongs to you this Collection being the issue of some part of your excellent paines; it can then be no lesse then Justice and my Duty to present to your protection, that which is your owne. To you I owe the tribute of my paines, acknowledging my selfe deepely ingaged in the debt of Service and Respect for your willing condiscention to the powerfull perswasion of some Friends for the publication of these few Ayres and Dialogues; there is variety, it may be to please all. — *Non omnibus unum est. Quod placit, hic Spinas colligit, ille Rosas.* But above all my care has been not to displease you, having taken paines to bring this to light, without any prejudice to your Worth or Honour: The publication of these may be a meanes to bring forth more of this nature, to equallize other Nations, who dayly afford divers of this kinde. But for the present I shall desire the grace of these may attend upon your selves, and your loving acceptance afforded to him that is an admirer, and an honourer of your Virtues, and your

Most humble servant,

John Playford, Philo-Music.

A Table of the Ayres contained in the first part of this Booke.

A

AS I walk'd forth, *Mr.* Rob. Johnson. pag. 3
Amidst the Mirtles, *M.* H. Lawes. 8
A Lover once I did espy, *M.* H. Lawes. 12
About the sweet bag of a Bee, *M.* H. Lawes. 33
A willow Garland, *M.* H. Lawes. 35

B

Bid me but live and I, *M.* H. Lawes. 18
Bright Aurelia *I do vow*, *D.* Char. Colman. 30
By all the Glories, *M.* H. Lawes. 37
Beauty and Love once fell at odds, *M.* H. La. 39

C

Come Lovers all to me, *M.* H. Lawes 7
Cloris *fals love made* Clora *weep*, Dr. Wilf. 25
Cloris *farewell, I now must go*, *M.* H. La. 34
Come lovely Phillis, *M.* Hen. Lawes. 35

F

Faith be no longer coy, *M.* Will. Lawes. 9
Fain would I Cloris, *Dr.* Wilson. 23
Fuggi Fuggi de luta, *Italian.* 41

G

Go and bestride the wind, *Mr.* W. Webb. 40

H

How cool and temperate, *M.* H. Lawes. 11
How happy art thou and I, *M.* H. Lawes. 21
How am I chang'd from what, *Dr.* Colman. 31

I

I wish no more thou shouldst, *Mr.* Laneare. 5
I am confirm'd a woman can, *M.* H. Lawes. 10
If any live that fain would prove, *Mr.* Cæsar. 16
If the quick spirit of your eye, *M.* H. Lawes. 19
I love a Lass but cannot shew it, *Dr.* Wilson. 24

L

Lay that sullen garland by, *Mr.* Joh. Taylor. 22
Let not thy Beauty make thee proud, *M.* H. La. 34
Little love serves my turn, *M.* H. Lawes. 36

N

Neither sighs and tears, *Mr.* Laneare. 12
Never perswade me too't, *Dr.* Colman. 30
No no fair Heretick, *M.* Hen. Lawes. 38

O

O my Clarissa *thou cruell fair*, *M.* W. Law. 12
O! the kind Boy I ask no red. *M.* W. Webb. 14

P

Phillis, why should we delay Mr. H. Lawes. 20

Q

Quench insprightly wine, D. Colman. 44

S

She which would not I would chuse, M. R. Smith. 4
She that loves me for my selfe, M. W. Webb. 15
Stay, ô stay that heart I vow, Dr. Colman. 27
Since love hath in thine and mine, *Dr.* Wils. 32

T

Take, O take those lips away, *Dr.* Wilson. 2
Thou art not fair for all thy, *M.* Laneare. 8
Tell me ye wandring spirits, *M.* H. Lawes. 17
Tell me no more her eyes, *M.* W. Lawes. 19
To Bachus *we to* Bachus *sing*, *D.* Colman. 42

V

Victorious Beauty, *Mr.* William Webb. 21

W

Why should'st thou swear I am, *French Ayre*. 5
When thou didst thinke I did not love. 6
Wert thou yet fairer then thou art. 26
Wake my Adonis. *Dr.* Colman. 28

A Table of the Dialogues and Songs of 3 parts contained in the second part of this Booke.

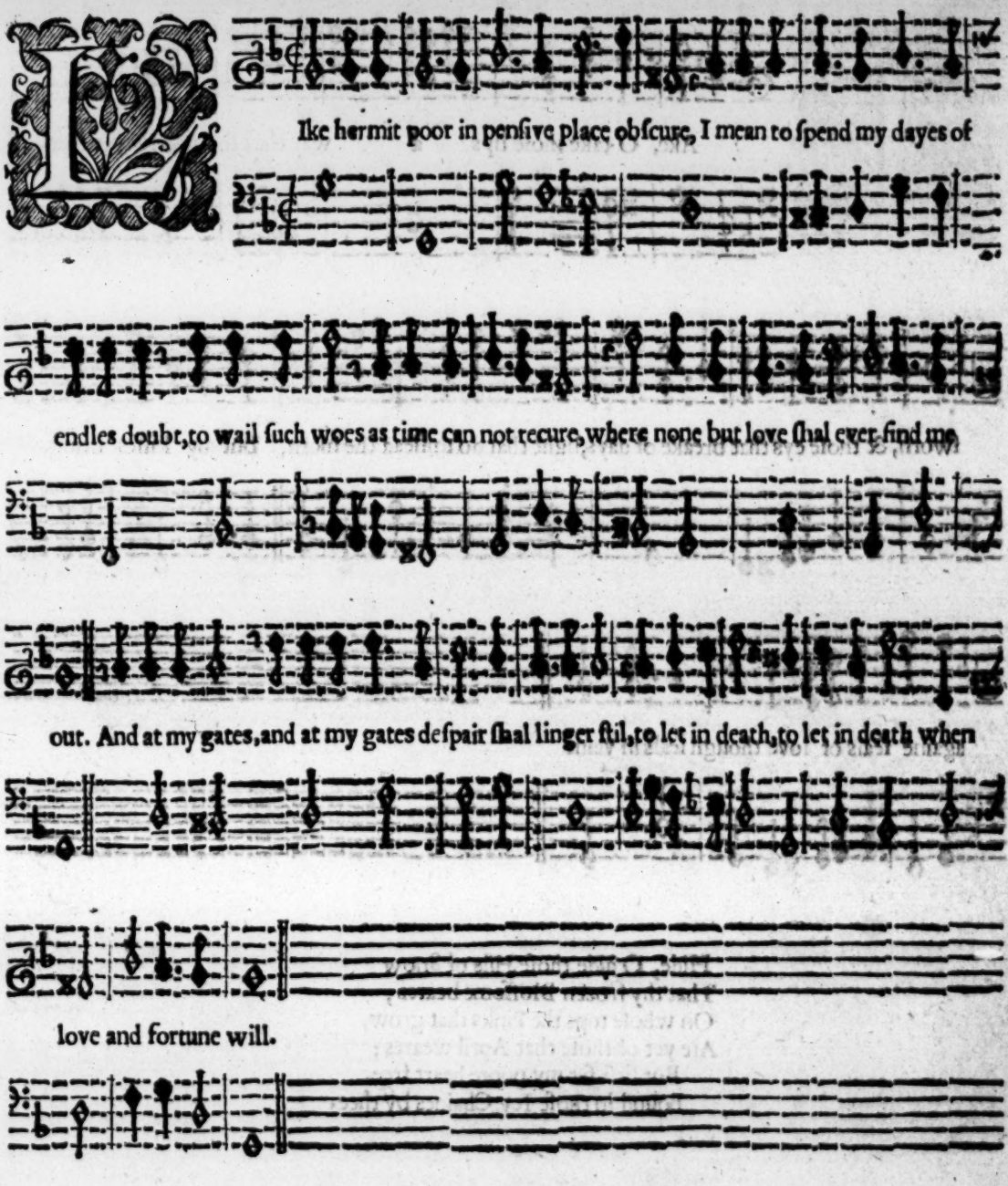
Dialogues.

I Preethe keep my sheep for me, *M.* Laneare
Shepheard in faith I cannot stay, *M.* Laneare
Come my Daphne *come away*, *M.* W. Lawes
Forbeare fond swain, I cannot love, *M.* Cæsar
Dear Silva *let thy* Thirsis *know*, *Dr.* Colman
Did not you once Lucinda *vow*, *Dr.* Colman.
Charon, *O* Charon *draw thy Boat*, *M.* H. La.
Charon, *O gentle* Charon, *M.* Will. Lawes

Ayres, or Songs for 3 voyces.

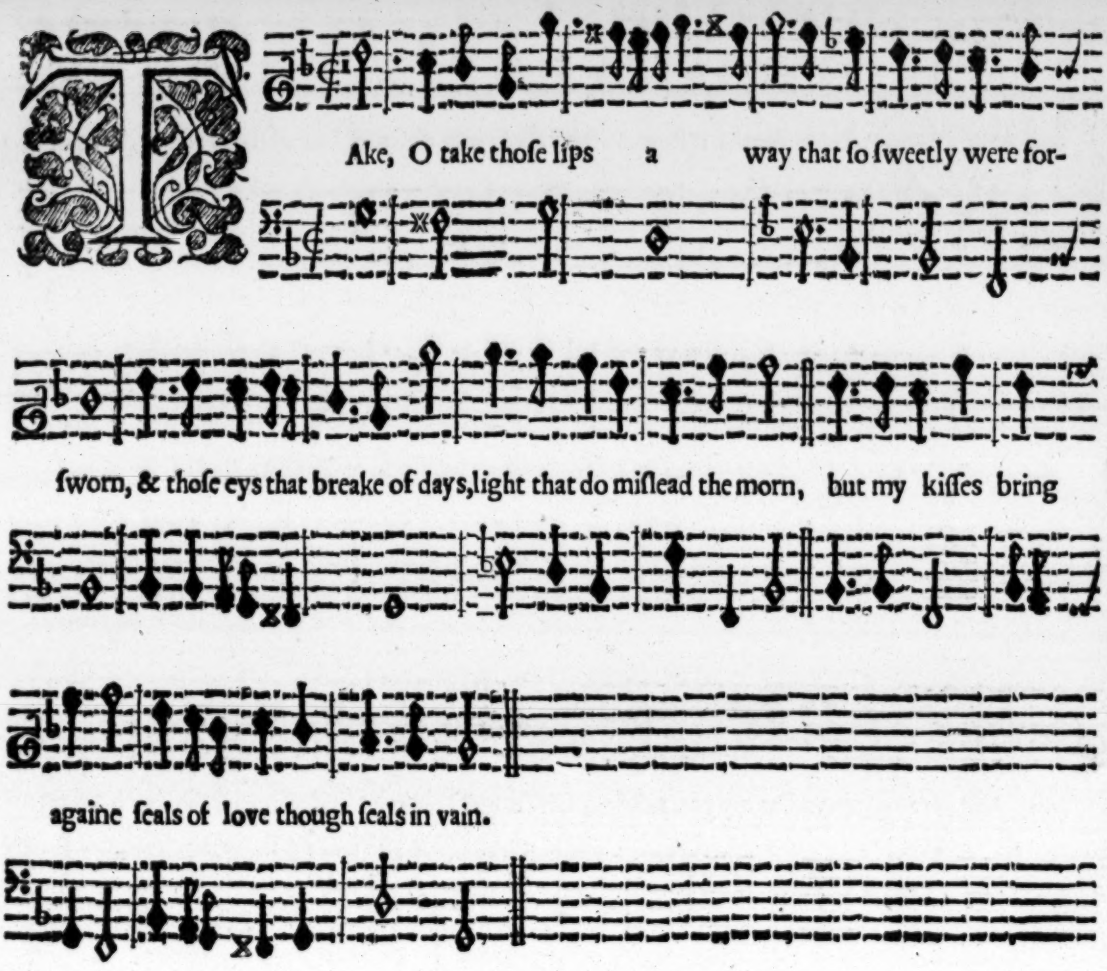
I wish no more, *Mr.* William Webb.
Yong and simple though I am, *Mr.* N. Laneare.
Though I am yong, and cannot tell, *Mr.* Laneare.
Gather your Rose-buds, *Mr.* William Lawes.
Let her give her hand, *Mr.* William Webb.
Not that I wish my Mistresse, *Mr.* Will. Webb.
As the sweet breath and gentle gales, *Mr.* Webb.
Tell me O Damon, *canst thou*, *Mr.* W. Webb.

ALL sorts of Musicall Books which have been printed in English, are sold by *John Playford* at his shop in the Inner Temple; but especially these, Mr. *Childs* set of Psal. for 3. voc. with a thorough Basse. Mr. *East* last set of Fancies for the Viols of 2. 3. & 4. parts; also Mr. *Baths*. Introduction to the skill of Songs, and All sorts of rul'd Paper for Musick, and rul'd Books ready bound up.

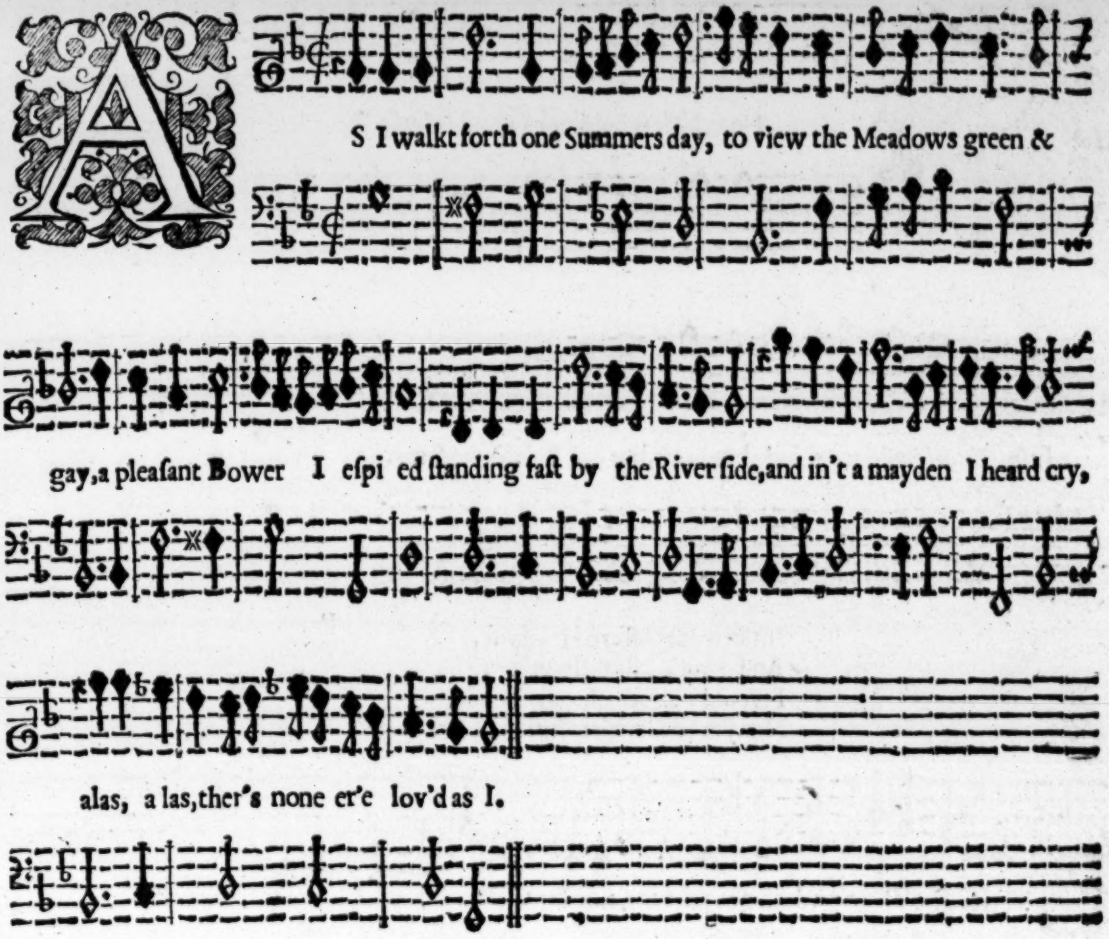


A Gown of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long dispaire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drinke nought else but teares faln from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise.
And at my gates, &c.



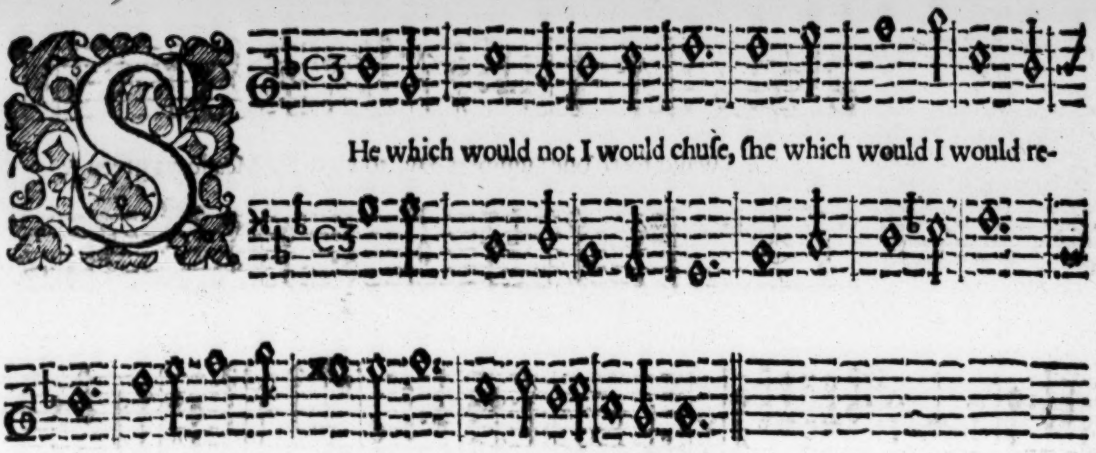
Hide, O hide thoſe Hils of Snow
That thy frozen Bloſſome beares;
On whoſe tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of thoſe that April weares;
But firſt ſet my poore heart free,
Bound in thoſe Icy Chaines by thee.



Then round the Meadow did ſhe walk,
Catching each Flowers by the ſtalk,
Such Flowers as in the Meadow grew,
The dead mans thumb, and hearb all blew,
And as ſhe pul'd them ſtill cri'd ſhe,
Alas, alas, there's none er'e lov'd like me.

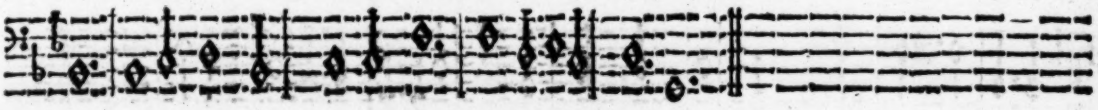
The Flowers of the ſweeteſt ſcent
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as ſhe bound them u › in Bands,
She wept, ſhe ſight, and ſhe wrong her hands:
Alas, alas, alas, cri'd ſhe,
Alas, there's none er'e lov'd like me.

When ſhe had fild her aporne full
Of ſuch green things as ſhe could cull;
The green leaves ſerv'd her for her bed,
The Flowers were the pillows for her head;
Then down ſhe layd her, ne're word more did ſpeak,
Alas, alas, with love her heart did break.

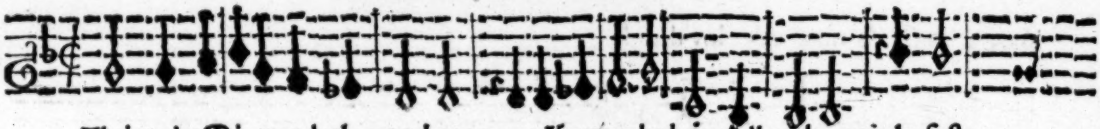


He which would not I would chuſe, ſhe which would I would re-

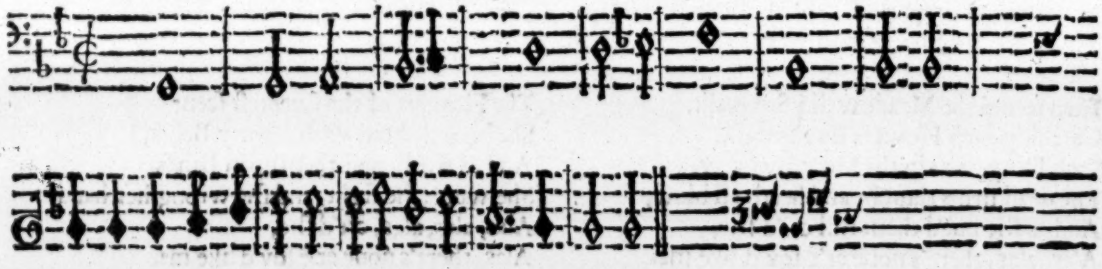
fuſe, *Venus* could my minde but tame, but not ſatisfie the ſame.



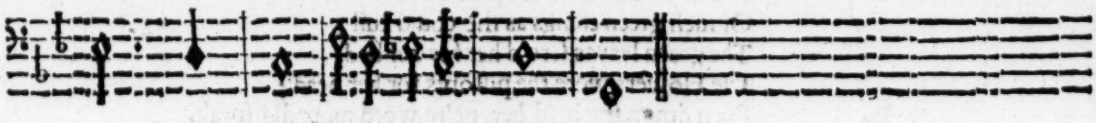
Inticements offered I deſpiſe,
And deny'd I ſlightly prize:
I would neither glut my minde,
Nor yet too much torment finde.



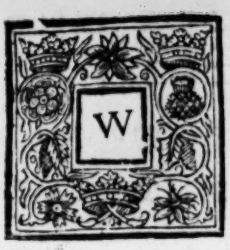
Thrice girt *Di ana* doth not take me, nor *Venus* naked joyfull make me, the firſt



no pleaſure hath to joy me, & the laſt enough to cloy me.



As the firſt ſtrain. But a crafty Wench I'de have,
That can tell the art I crave,
And joyne at one, in one theſe two,
I will, and yet I will not doe.
She which would not, &c.



Why ſhouldſt thou ſweare I am forſworn, ſince thine I vow'd to be,

Lady it is already morn, it was laſt night I ſwor to thee, this fond impoſſibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres ſpace,
I ſhould all other Beauties wrong,
And rob me of a new imbrace,
Should I ſtill dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire
By others may be found:
But I will ſearch the black, the faire,
Like skilfull Miners that ſound
For treaſures in unplowed ground.

Then when I have lov'd thee round
Thou prove the pleaſant ſhee,
In ſpoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee.

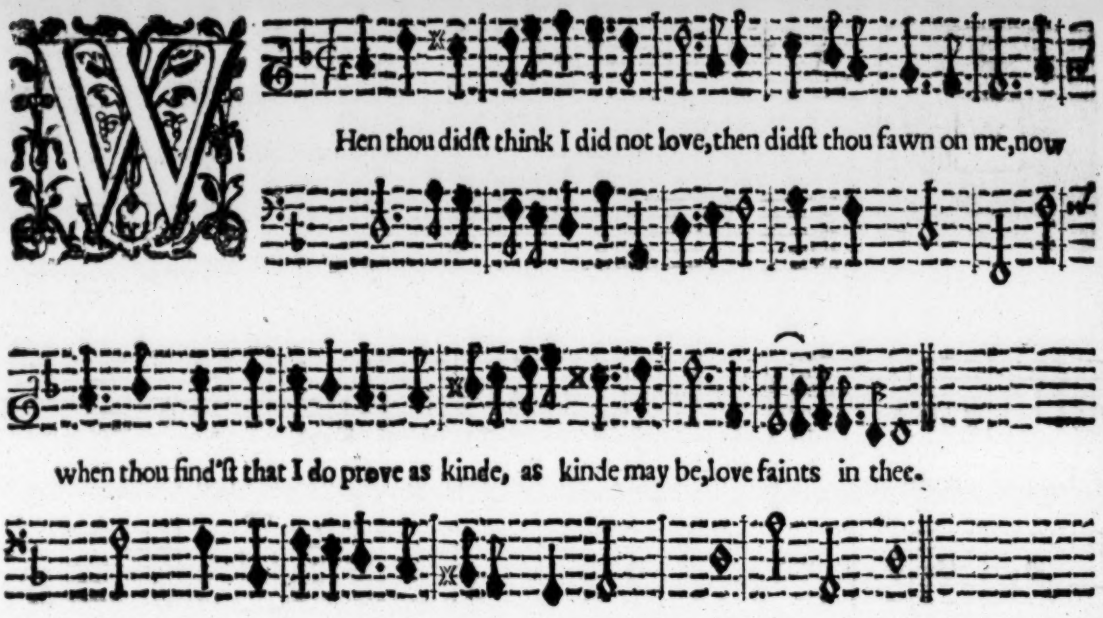
Wiſh no more thou ſhouldſt love me, my joys are full in loving thee,

my heart's too narrow to containe, my bliſs if thou ſhouldſt love me againe.

Thy ſcorne may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yet I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe then death.

Then ſhall I ſue for ſcorne or grace,
A lingering life, or death embrace;
Since one of theſe I needs muſt try,
Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame ſhall raiſe,
Then cruell life can yield thee praiſe;
It ſhall be counted who ſo dies,
No murder, but a ſacrifice.

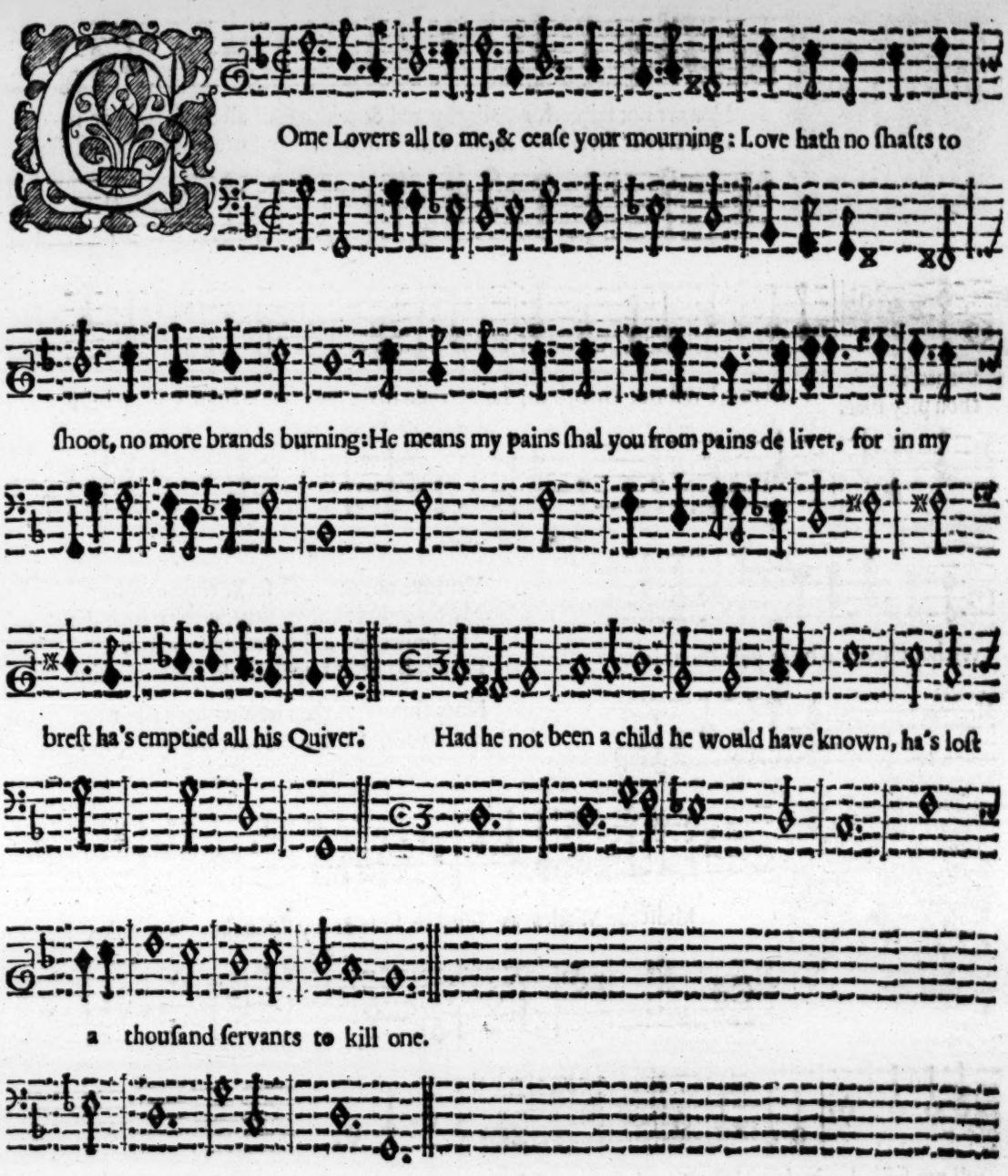


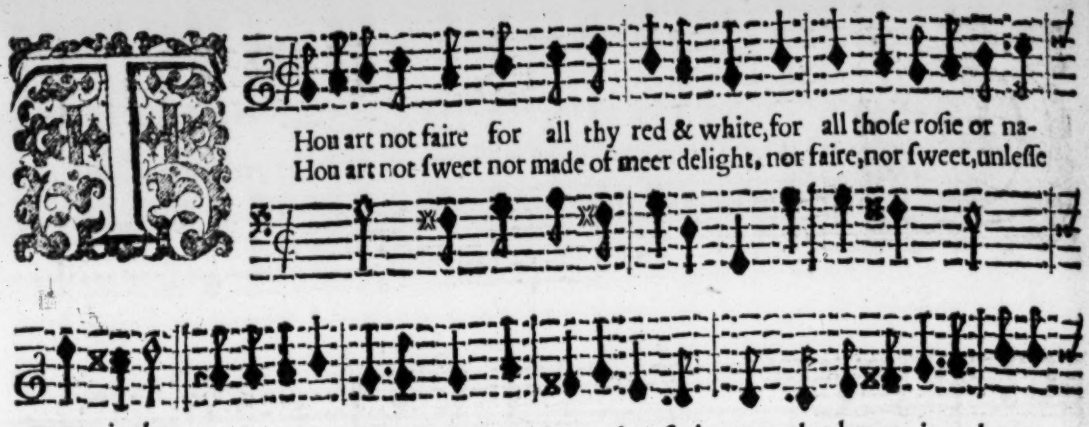
What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt minde,
Me thinkes it were good policy for me to turn unkinde,
to make thee kinde.

And though I might my ſelfe excuſe with imitating thee,
Yet will I no example uſe that may bewray in mee
lightneſſe to bee.

Nor will I yet good nature ſtain to buy at ſo great coſt,
She which before I did obtain, I make account almoſt
my labour loſt.

But ſince I gave thee once my heart my conſtancy ſhall ſhow,
That though thou play the womans part and from a friend turn foe,
men doe not ſoe.


Come Lovers all to me, & ceaſe your mourning: Love hath no ſhafts to
ſhoot, no more brands burning: He means my pains ſhal you from pains de liver, for in my
breſt ha's emptied all his Quiver. Had he not been a child he would have known, ha's loſt
a thouſand ſervants to kill one.



Thou art not faire for all thy red & white, for all thoſe roſie or na-
Thou art not ſweet nor made of meer delight, nor faire, nor ſweet, unleſſe

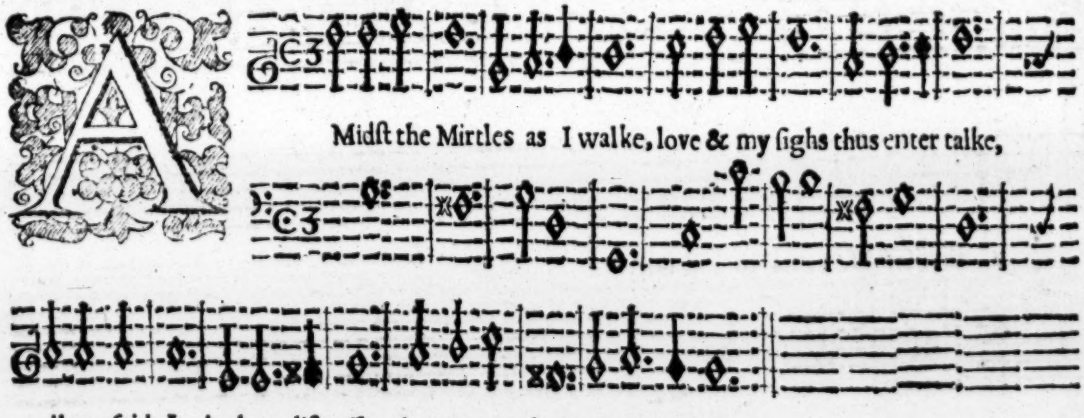
ments in thee.
thou pity mee.

I wil not, I wil not ſmooth thy fancy, thou ſhalt prove, that beauty is no beauty

without love, no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor ſeeke thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy ſmiles and kiſſes I cannot indure,
I'le not be wrapt up in thoſe armes of thine.

Now ſhew it if thou be a woman right,
Imbrace, and kiſſe, and love me in deſpite.



Midſt the Mirtles as I walke, love & my ſighs thus enter talke,

tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſſe, where I may finde my ſhepardeſſe.

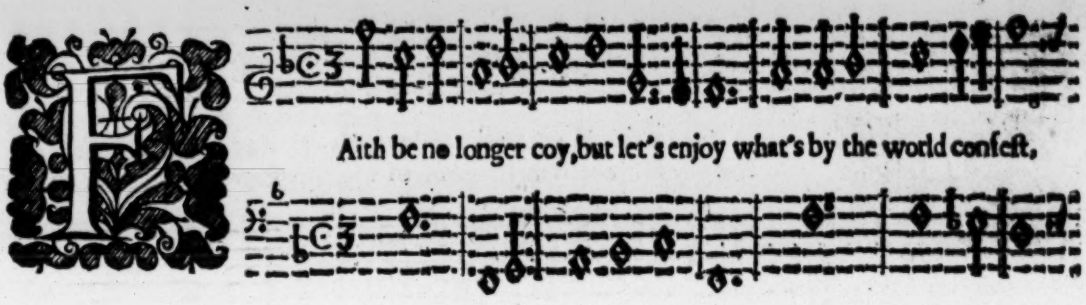
Then foole ſayd love, know'ſt thou not this,
In every thing that's good thee is,
In yonder Tulip go and ſeeke,
There thou ſhalt finde her lip and checke.

In that inamel'd Fancy by,
There ſhalt thou finde her curious eye
In bloom of Peach, in Roſes bud
There wave the ſtreames of her bloud.

'Tis true ſaid I, and thereupon,
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a ſuddaine all was gone.

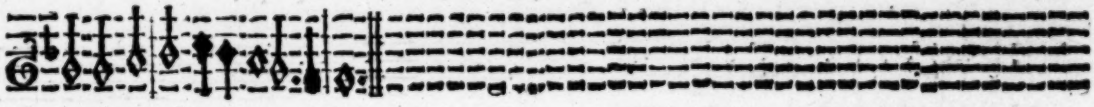
At which I ſtopt: ſaid love, theſe bee
Fond man reſemblances of thee;
For as theſe Flowers thy Joy muſt dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,
As do thoſe Flowers when knit together.



Faith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world conſeſt,

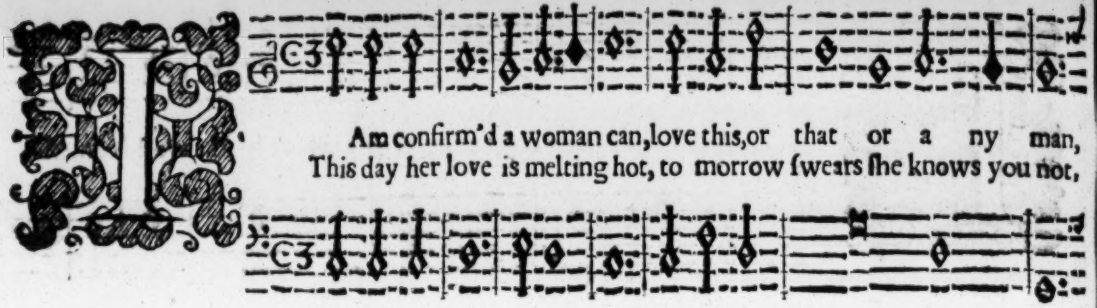
women love beſt: thy beauty freſh as May, will ſoon decay, beſides with in a yeare or two



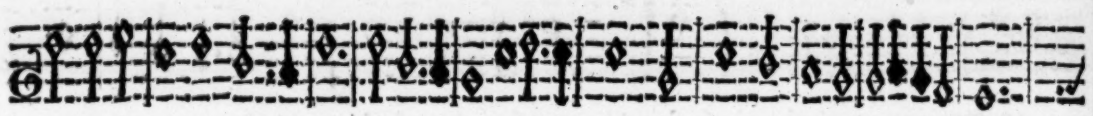
I ſhalbe old and cannot doe.

Do'ſt thinke that nature can
For every man,
Had ſhe more skill, provide
So faire a Bride:
Who ever had a Feaſt
For a ſingle Gueſt?
No, without ſhe did intend
To ſerve the husband and his friend.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their ſervants loves,
But on the riper yeares
It ill appeares:
After a while you'l finde this true,
I need proveking more then you.

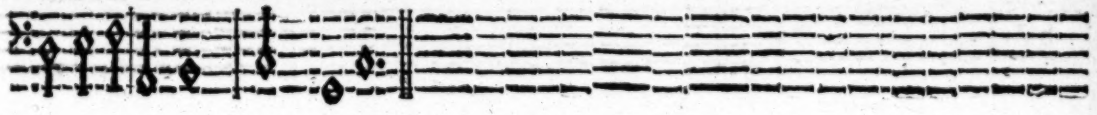


I Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that or a ny man,
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow ſwears ſhe knows you not,



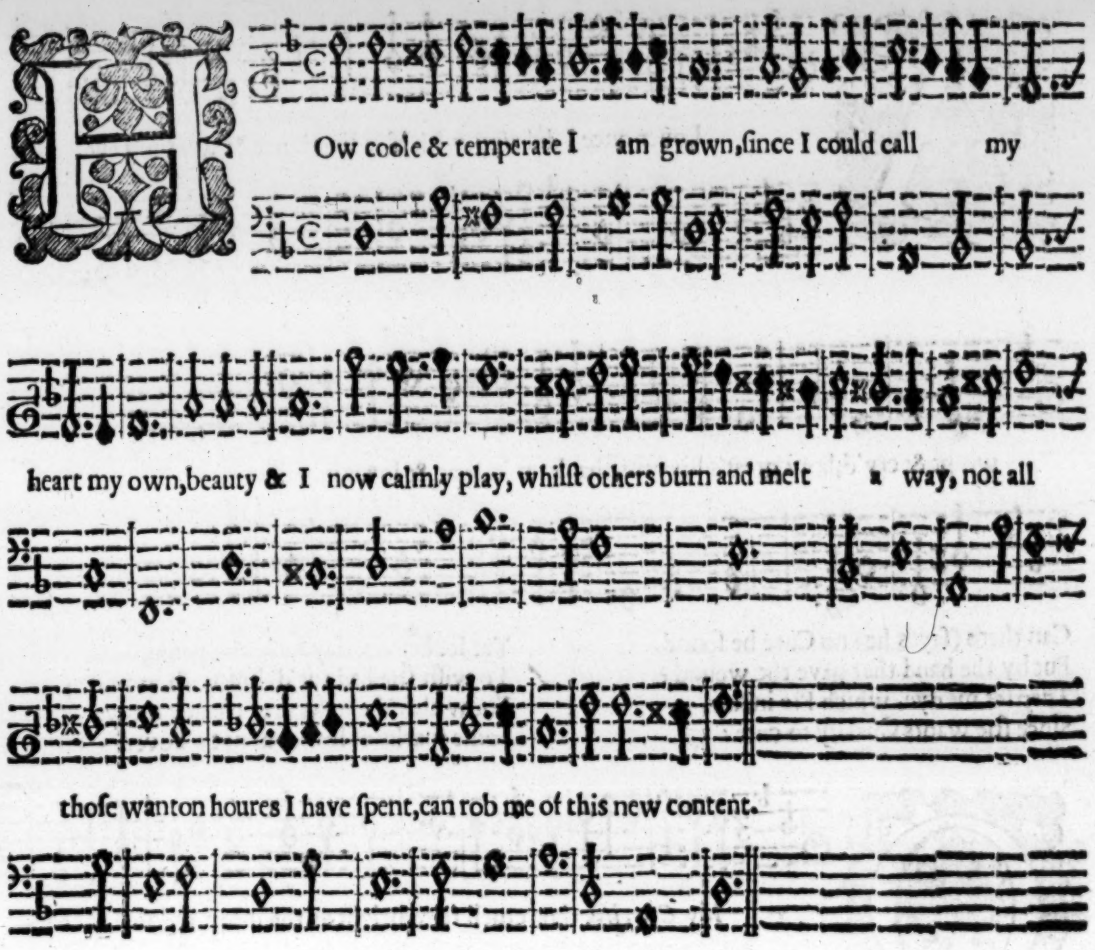
let her but an new object find, & ſhe is of another mind, then hang me Ladies at your doore,

if e're I doat up on you more.



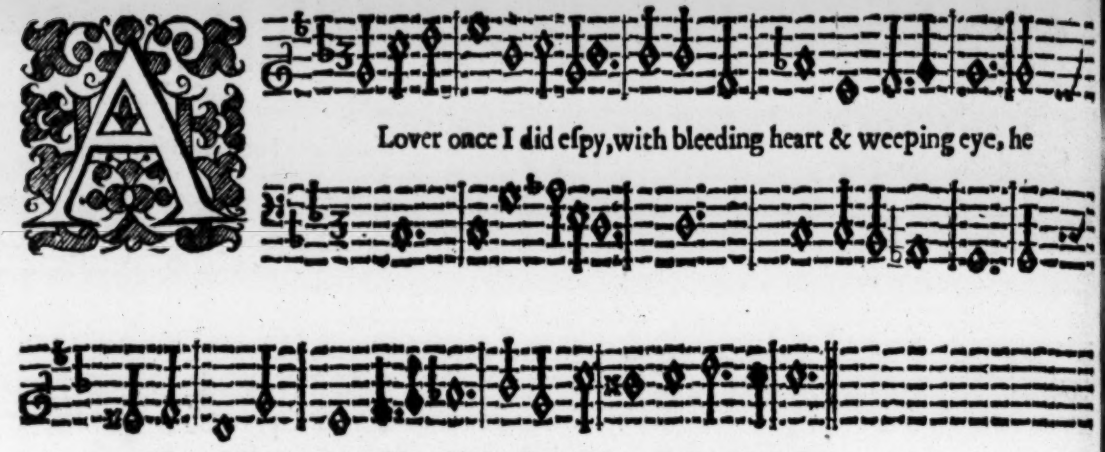
Yet ſtill I'le love the faire one, why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
And ſo the fat and ſoft skin'd Dame
I'le flatter to appeaſe my flame:
For her that's muſicall I long,
When I am ſad to ſing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c

I'le give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to finde out change:
The black, the brown, the fair ſhall be
But objects of varietie:
I'le court you all to ſerve my turne,
But with ſuch flames as ſhall not burne:
For hang me Ladies, &c.



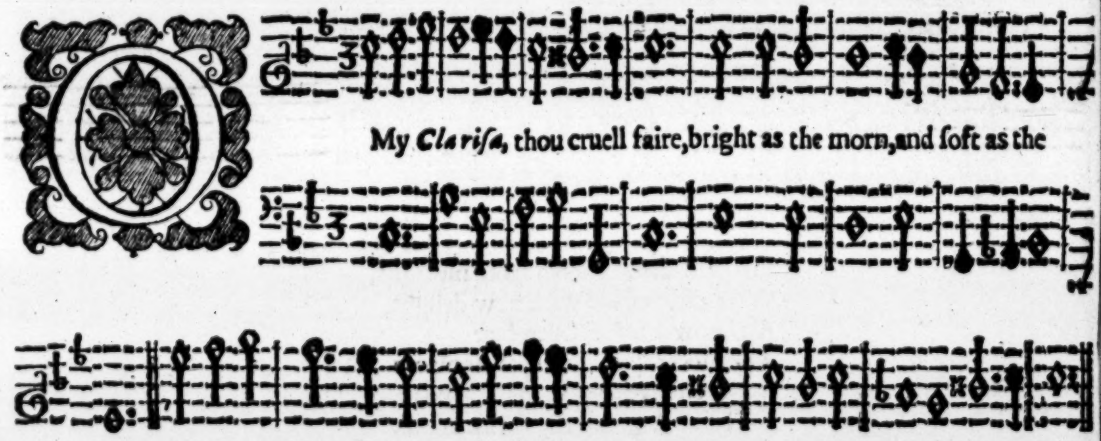
Loves mists are scatred from my sight,
Which flatred me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then love forgive me, I'le no more
Thine Altars or thy shrine adore.

Farwell to all heart breaking eyes,
Farwell each looke that can surprize,
Farwell those Curles and amorous spels,
Farwell each place where Cupid dwels;
And farwell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my selfe a while.



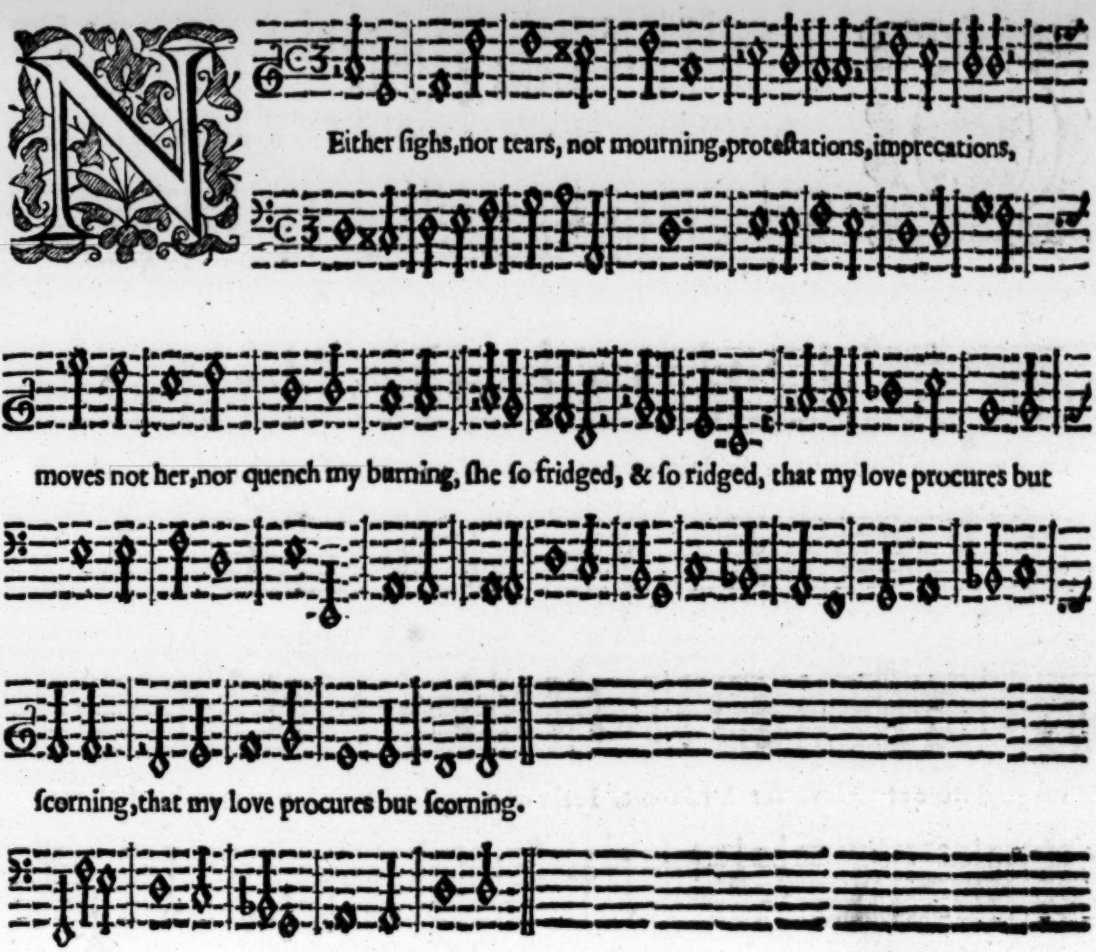
A Lover once I did eſpy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he weept & cry'd, how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

Can there (ſayes he) no Cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'le indure,
Since ſhe wants Charity to cure:
Yet let her one day feele the paine,
To wiſh ſhe had cur'd, but wiſh in vaine;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some ſparks of love, but not a Lover.



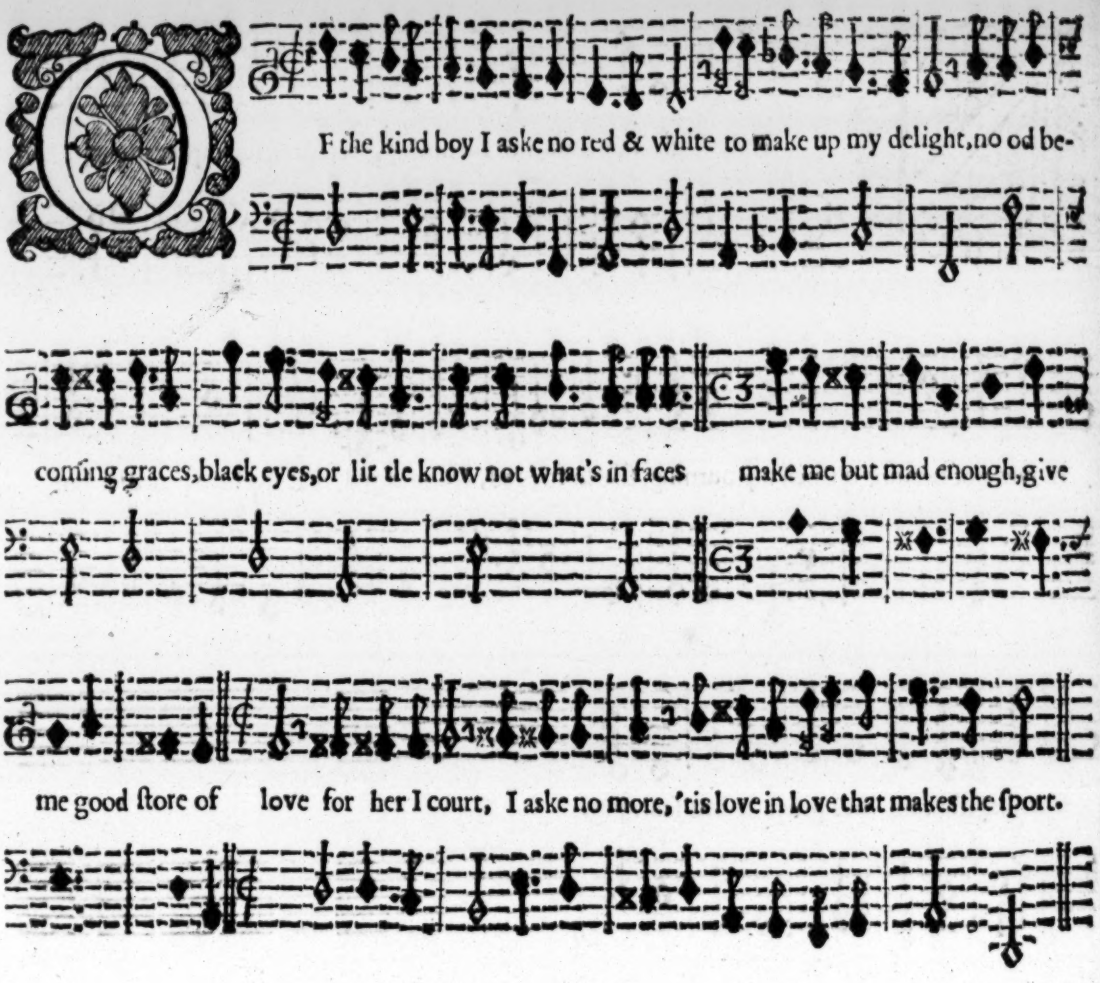
O My *Clariſa*, thou cruell faire, bright as the morn, and ſoft as the Ayre, freſher then flowers in May, yea far more ſweet then they, love is the ſubject of my prayer

When firſt I ſaw thee, I felt a flame
Which from thine eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupids dart,
It piereed ſo my heart:
O could your breſt once feele my paine.
Then would the God of love equall bee,
Giving me eaſe, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never ſcorne,
When like to me you burne:
At leaſt not prove unkind to mee.



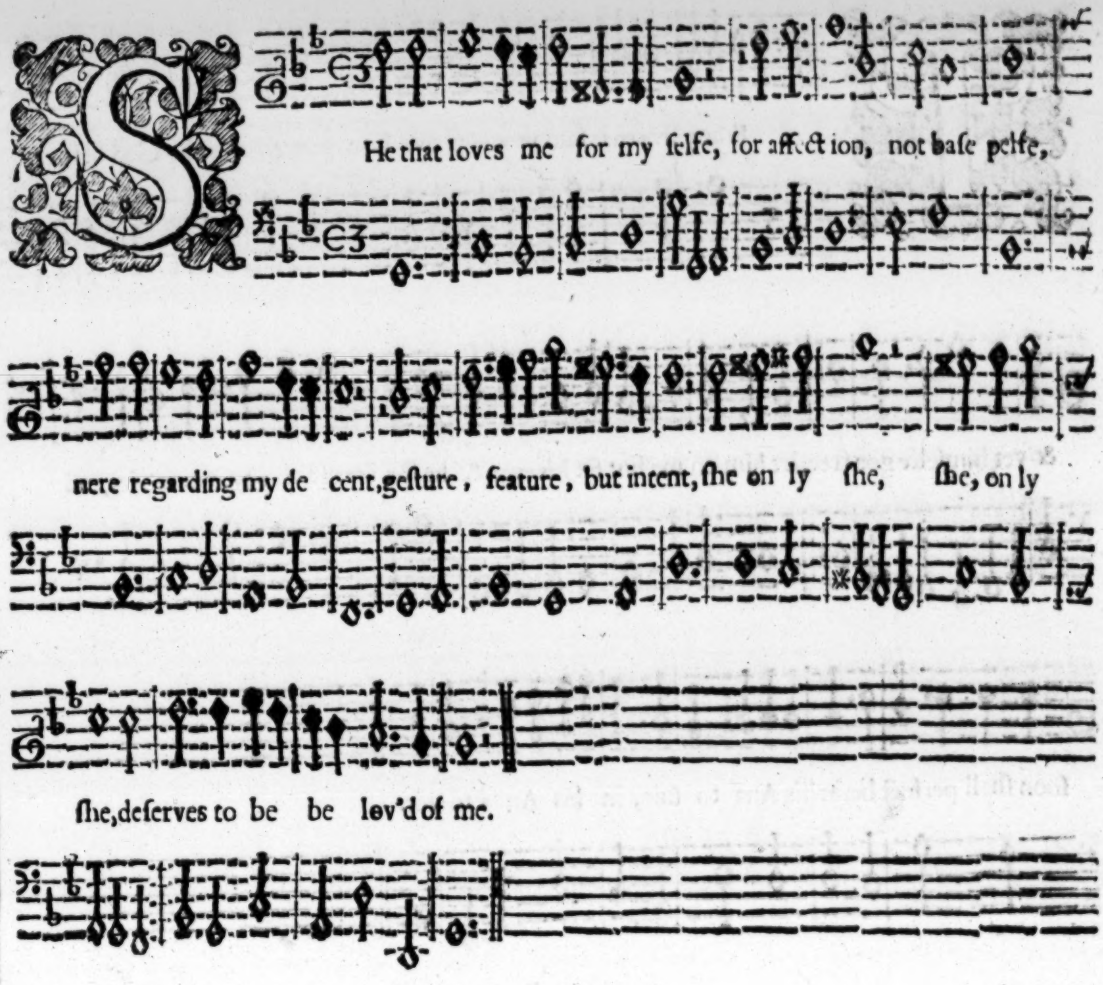
When I follow her she flies me,
Swiftly running
With more cunning
Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,
Still disdaining
My complaining,
And to heare my griefe denies me.

Say alone, must it be so then?
Shall she glory ~~in my story,~~
In my story,
And I unrevenged go then?
Prithe Cupid
Be not stupid,
Bend in my defence thy Bow then.



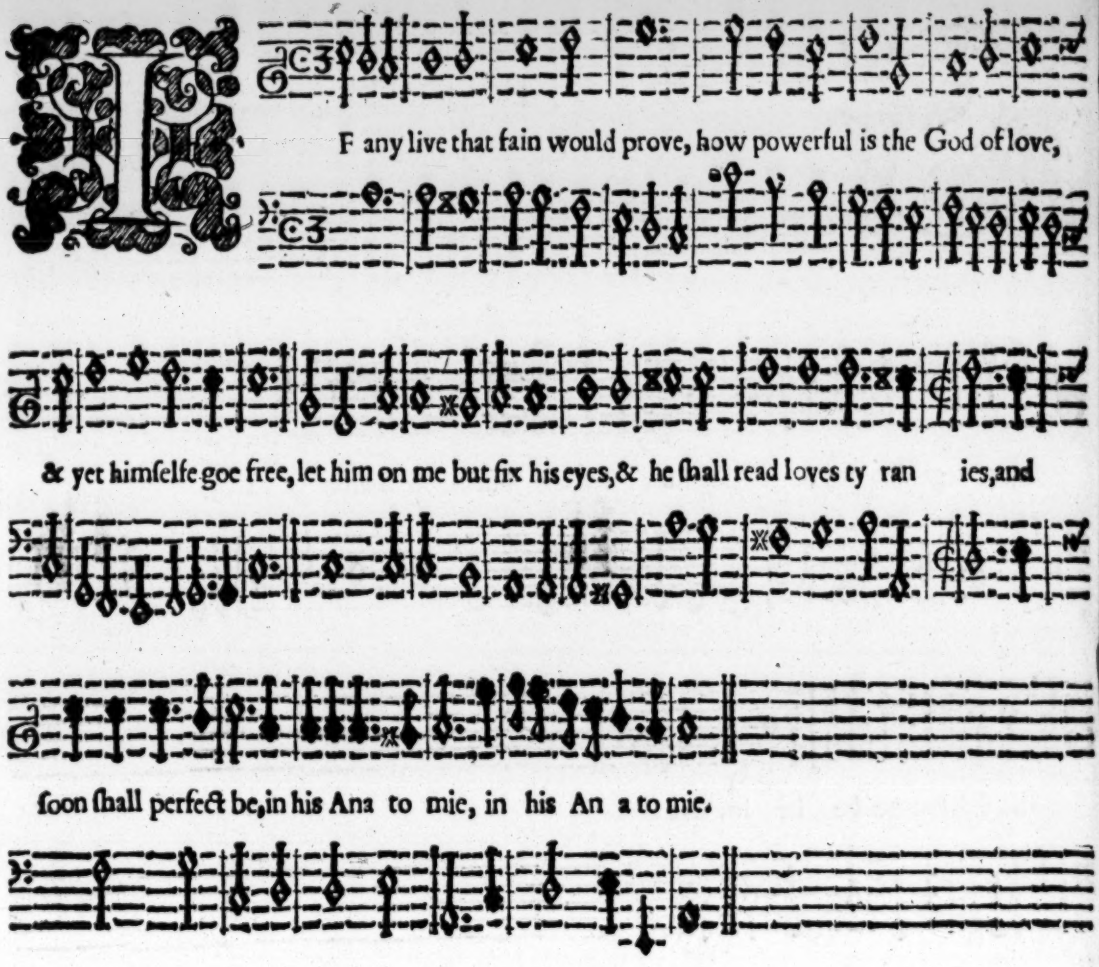
There's no ſuch thing as that, we Beauty call,
It 'tis meere couzenage all;
For though ſome long a go
Lik't certaine colours mingled ſo and ſo,
That doth not tie me now from chuſing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

'Tis not the meate, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one diſh
More then another, that a Phezant is,
What in our Matches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.



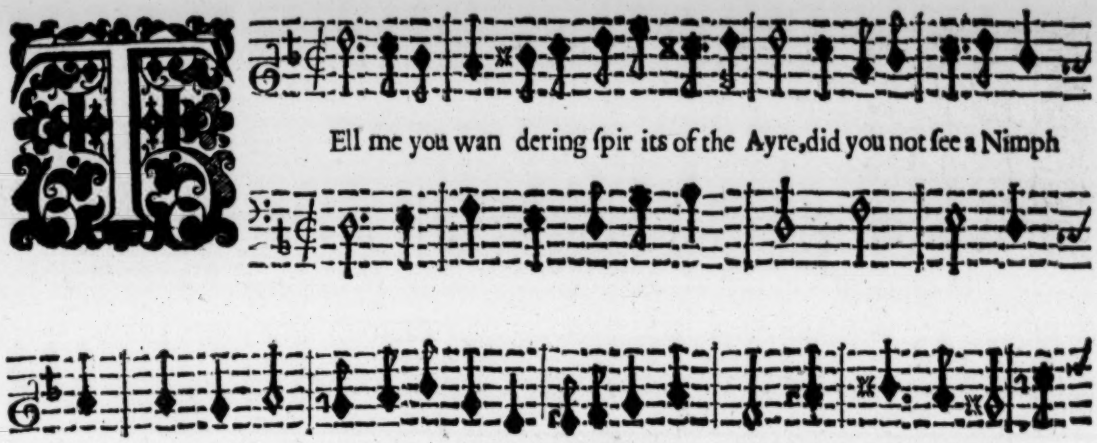
She that loves me for no end,
But becauſe I am her friend;
Never doubting my deſire,
But believ'd it ſacred fire:
She only ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with reſolve
Ne're to alter till diſſolve;
Slighting all things, that ſterne fate
May hereafter ſeeme to threat:
She only ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.



So many Stars, are not it'h skies,
Nor yet in burning Autumne flies,
Or Birds in Ayre doe hover;
The Spring hath not so many Buds,
Nor drops are in the Ocean Flouds
As griefes you may discover
In me poore Constant Lover.

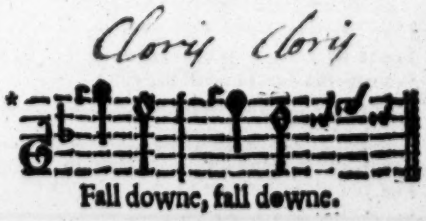
Long paine and sorrow short, in joying
A dying life, lifes good destroying,
Fond hope desires vaine,
Small thankes, lesse faith, but great tormentings,
False smiles, true teares, and true lamentings;
These (if y' observe) you'le gaine
Experience by my paine.

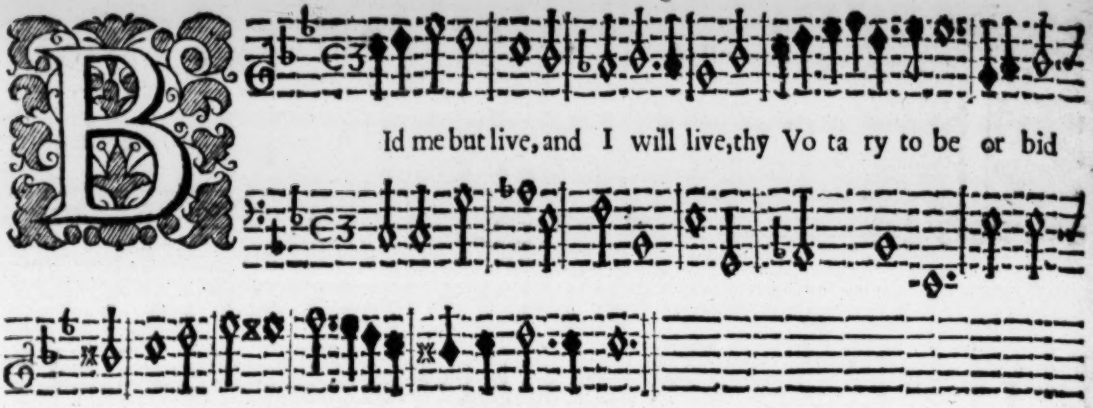


Tell me you wan dering ſpir its of the Ayre, did you not ſee a Nimph more bright, more faire then beauties darling, or of parts more ſweet then ſtolne content, if ſuch a one you meet wait on her hourely, where ſo ere ſhe flies, and cry, and cry, *Amintas* for her abſence dies.

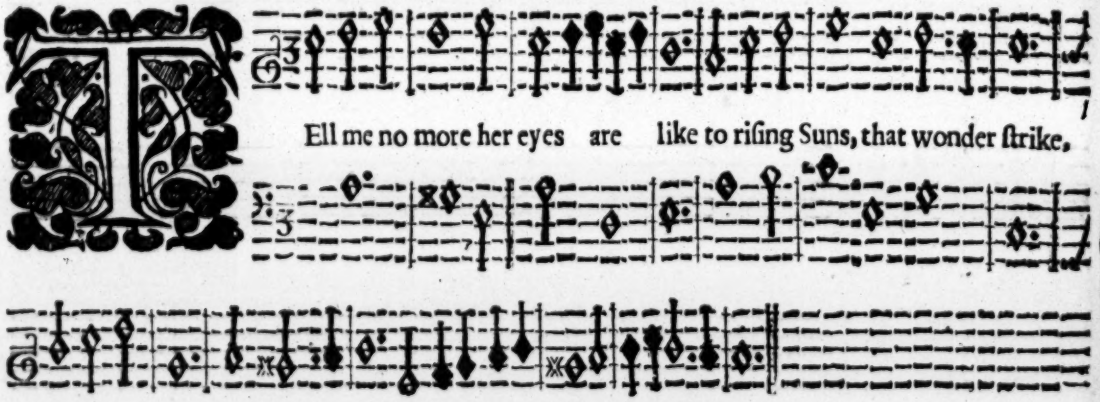
Go ſearch the Vallies, pluck up every Roſe,
You'l finde a ſcent, a bluſh of her in thoſe:
Fiſh, fiſh, for Pearle, or Corrall, there you'l ſee
How orientall all her Colours be;
Go call the Ecchoes to your ayde, and cry,
Cloris, Cloris, for that's her name for whom I dye.

But ſtay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were ſhe on earth, ſhe had been with me ſtill:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter then the Sun you ſee,
*Fall downe, fall downe, and worſhip it, for that is ſhee.



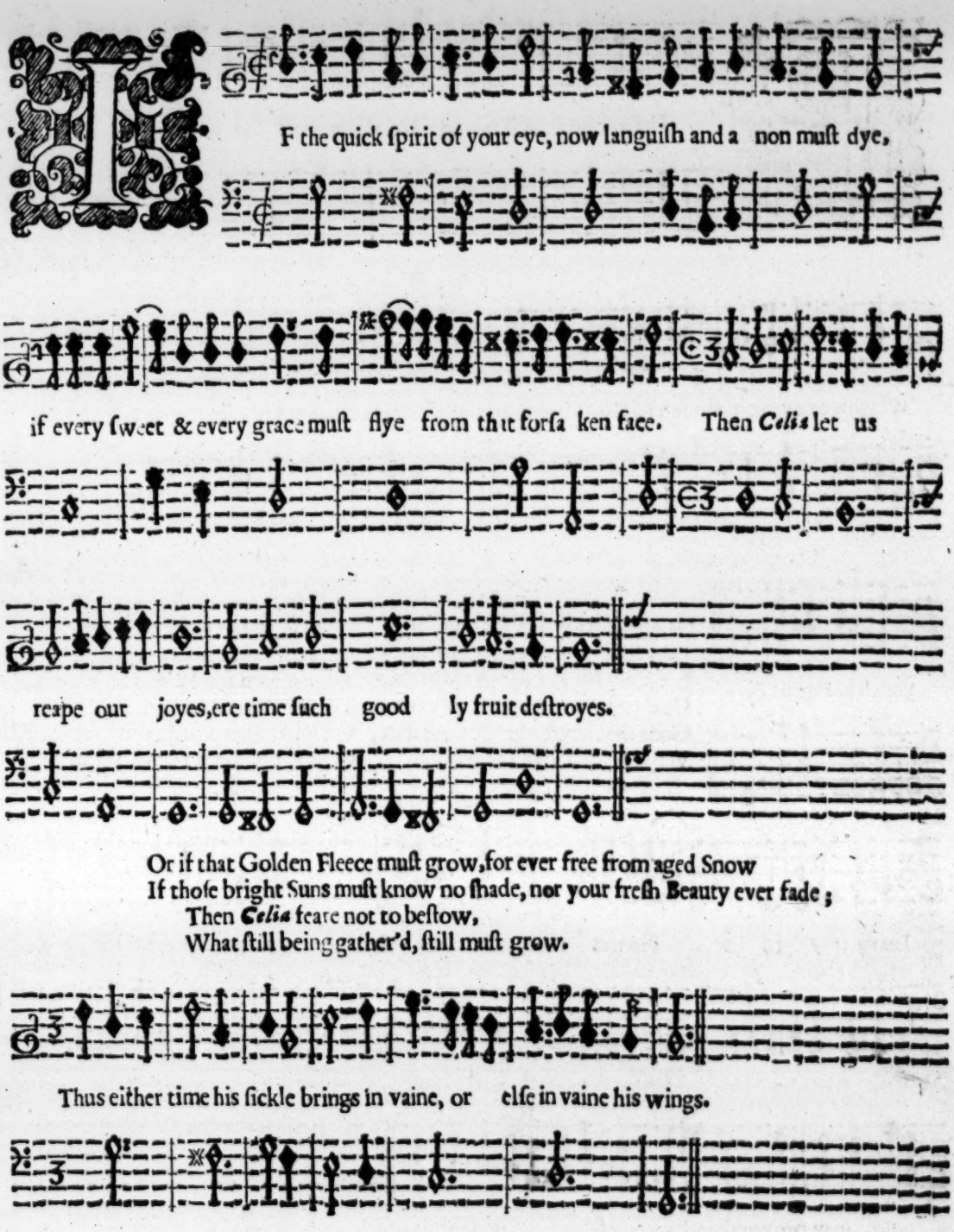


A heart as ſoft, a heart as kinde, a heart as ſoundly free
As in the world thou can'ſt not finde, that heart I'le give to thee.
Bid that heart ſtay, and it ſhall ſtay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languiſh quite away, and it ſhall do't for thee.
Bid me to weepe, and I will weepe, while I have eyes to ſee,
Or having none, yet I will keepe a heart to weepe for thee.
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mee,
And haſt command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

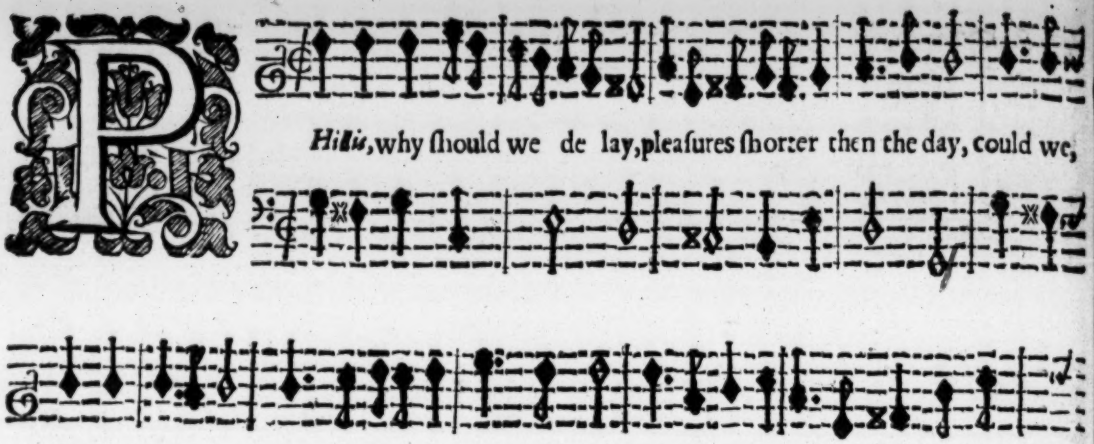


Tell me no more her breſts doe grow
Like riſing Hils of melting Snow;
For if 'twere ſo, how could they lye
So neare the ſun-ſhine of her eye?
Tell me no more the reſtleſſe ſpheres
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our eares;
For if 'twere ſo, how then could death
Dwell with ſuch diſcord in her breath?
No ſay her eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or ſome blazing ſtarre,
Elſe would I feele from that faire fire
Some heat to cheariſh my deſire.

Say that her breſts, though cold as ſnow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe,
Elſe they would ſoften and relent
With ſighs inflamed, from me ſent.
Say that although like to the Moone,
She heavenly faire, yet chang'd as ſoone;
Elſe ſhe would conſtant once remaine,
Either to pity, or diſdaine.
That ſo by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murther'd quite;
For 'tis leſſe cruel there to kill,
Where life doth but increaſe the ill.



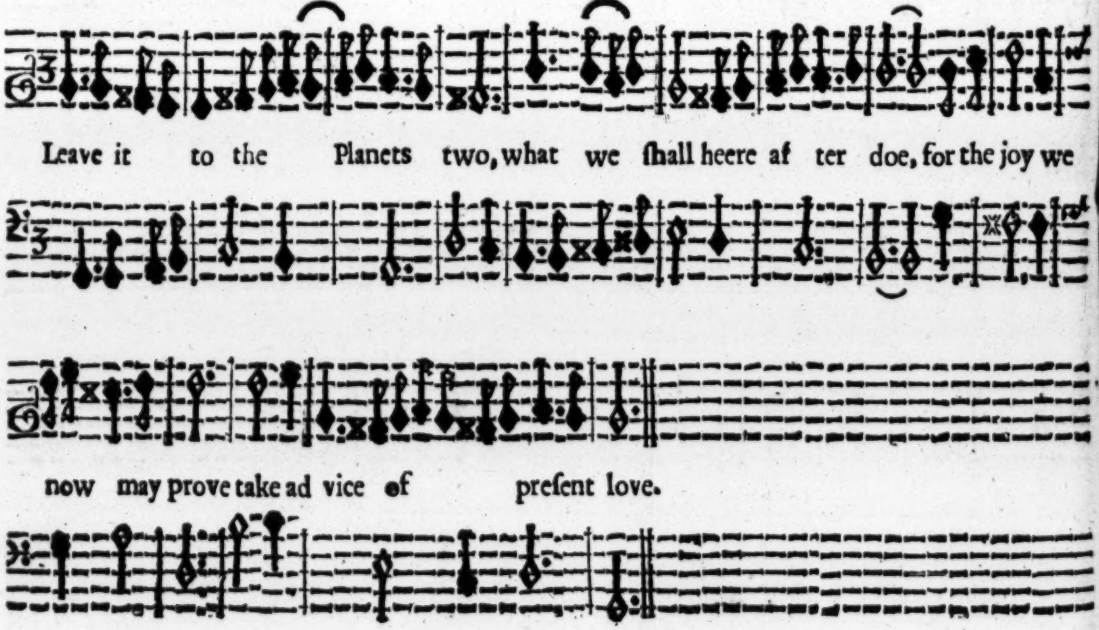
Or if that Golden Fleece muſt grow, for ever free from aged Snow
If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade, nor your freſh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Celia* feare not to beſtow,
What ſtill being gather'd, ſtill muſt grow.

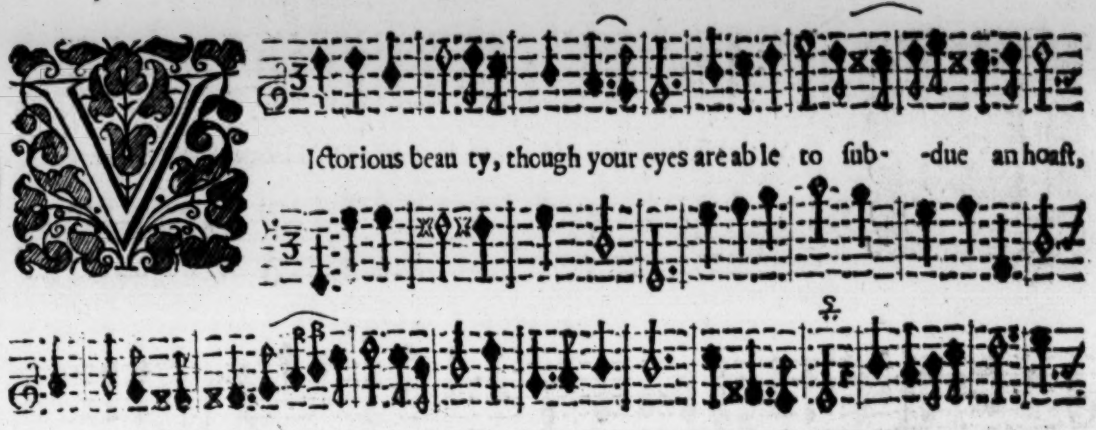


youth before us dyes.

Or would Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's ſwifter wings then Time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Very oft their love and hate.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our paſt deſire;
On what Sheephards you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nimphs I have beguil'd.





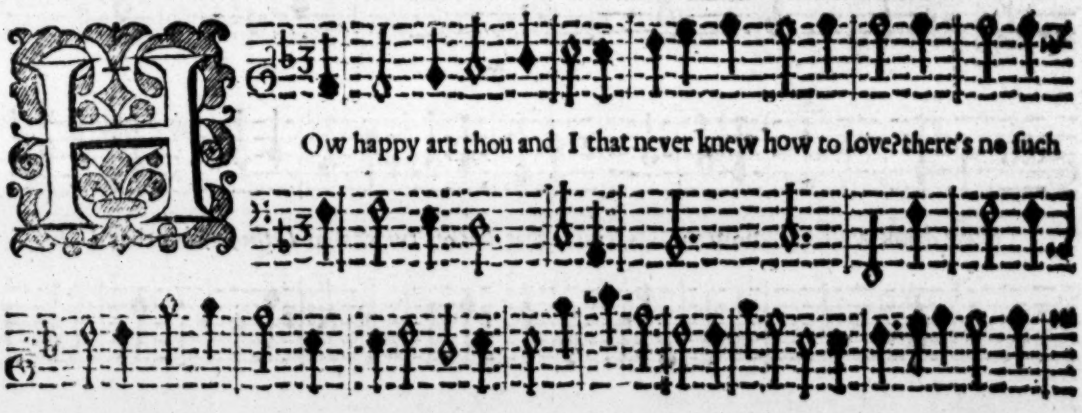
I came alone, but yet ſo arm'd
With former love, I durſt have ſworne
That as that privy coat was worne,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might have ſcapt unharm'd.

heart diſpiſe-

But neither ſteele, nor ſtony braſſe
Are proofes againſt thoſe lookes of thine,
Nor can a Beauty leſſe divine,
By any heart be long poſſeſt,
Where you intend an intereſt.

The Conqueſt in regard of me,
Alaſſe is ſmall, but in reſpect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it devulg'd, deſerv'd to be
Recorded for a Victory.

And ſuch a one, as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may ſtay,
Though you have ſtole my heart away;
If all your ſervants prove not true,
May ſteale a heart or two from you.

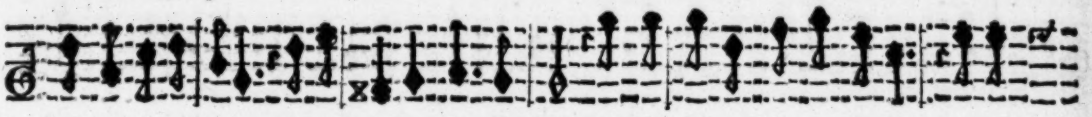


Out, out upon thoſe eyes, that thinke to murder mee,
And he's an Aſſe believes her faire, that is not kinde and free:
There's nothing ſweet, there's nothing ſweet, to man, but liberty.

loves.

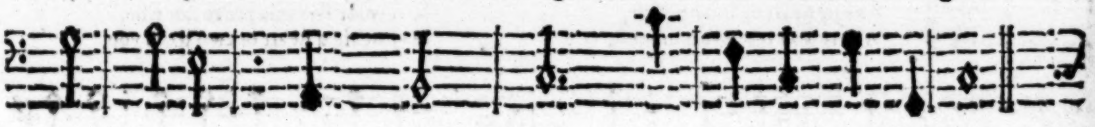
I'le tye my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,
But I will play my game ſo well, I'le never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, ha's made me now thus wiſe.

Ay that ſullen Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elizium ſhades, take my

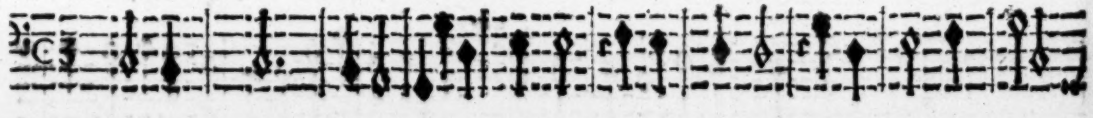


wreath of luſty Ivy not of that faint mirtle made when I ſee thy ſoule deſcending, to that

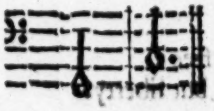
cold unfertile plain, of ſad fools the lake attending, thou ſhalt weare this Crowne a gain.



Now drink wine and know the ods, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*,



and the Gods.



Rouſe thy dull and drowſie ſpirits,
Here's the ſoule reviving ſtreames,
The ſtupid Lovers braine inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreames.

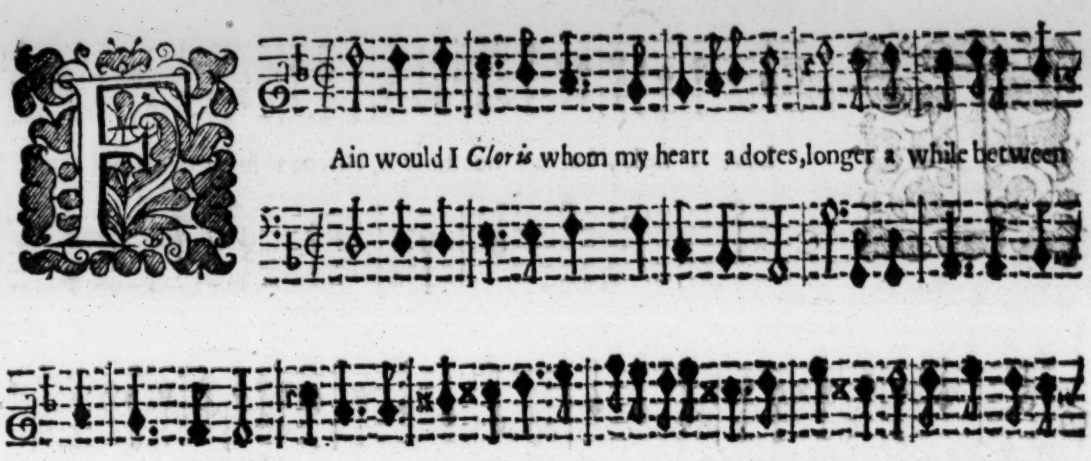
Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly croſſed armes;
Thou mayſt as wel cal back the buried
As raiſe love by ſuch like charmes.

Thinke not thou theſe diſmall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, ſings and dances,
Shall come ſooneſt to his end

Sacrifice a glaſſe of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft deſcended for it,
Mortals muſt do more the ſame.

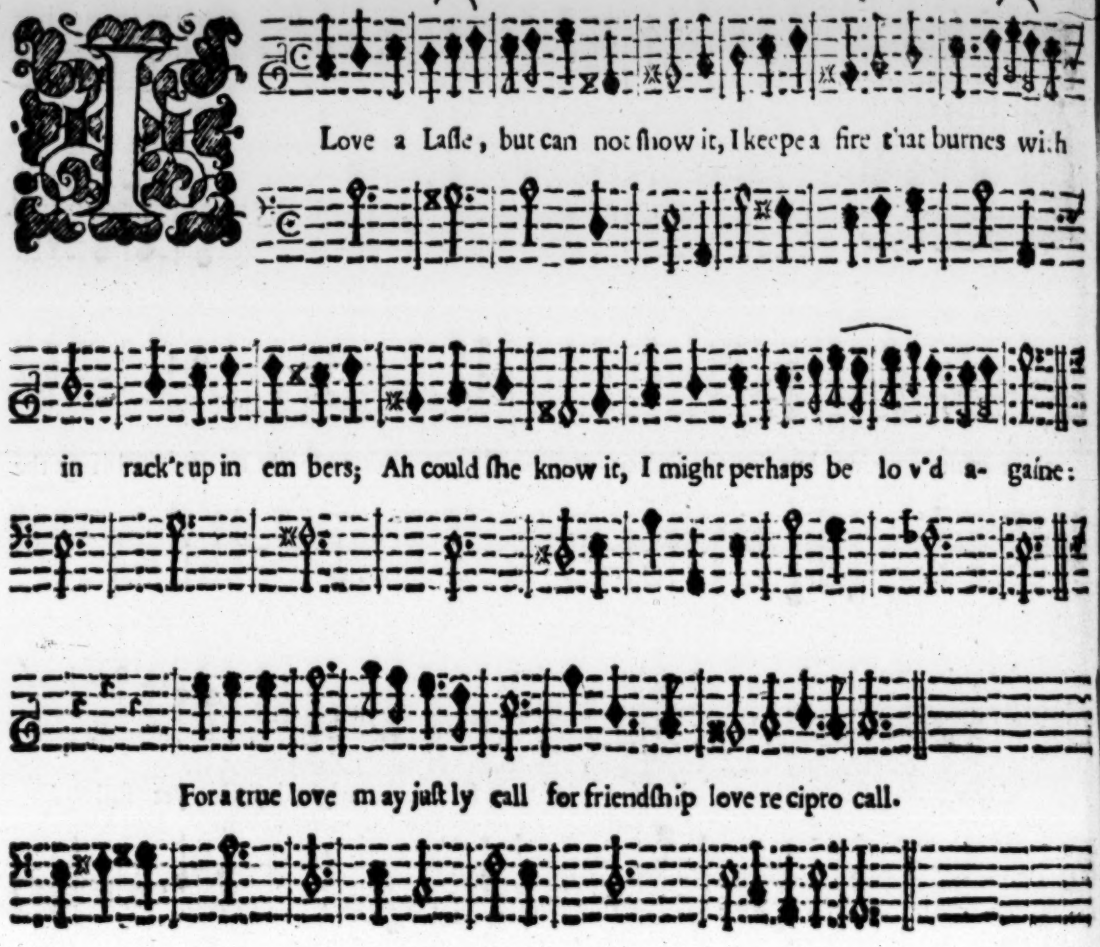
Cho. Sadneſſe may ſome pitty move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love

If ſhe comes not at that flood,
Sleepe will come, ſleepe will come,
Sleepe will come, and that's as good.



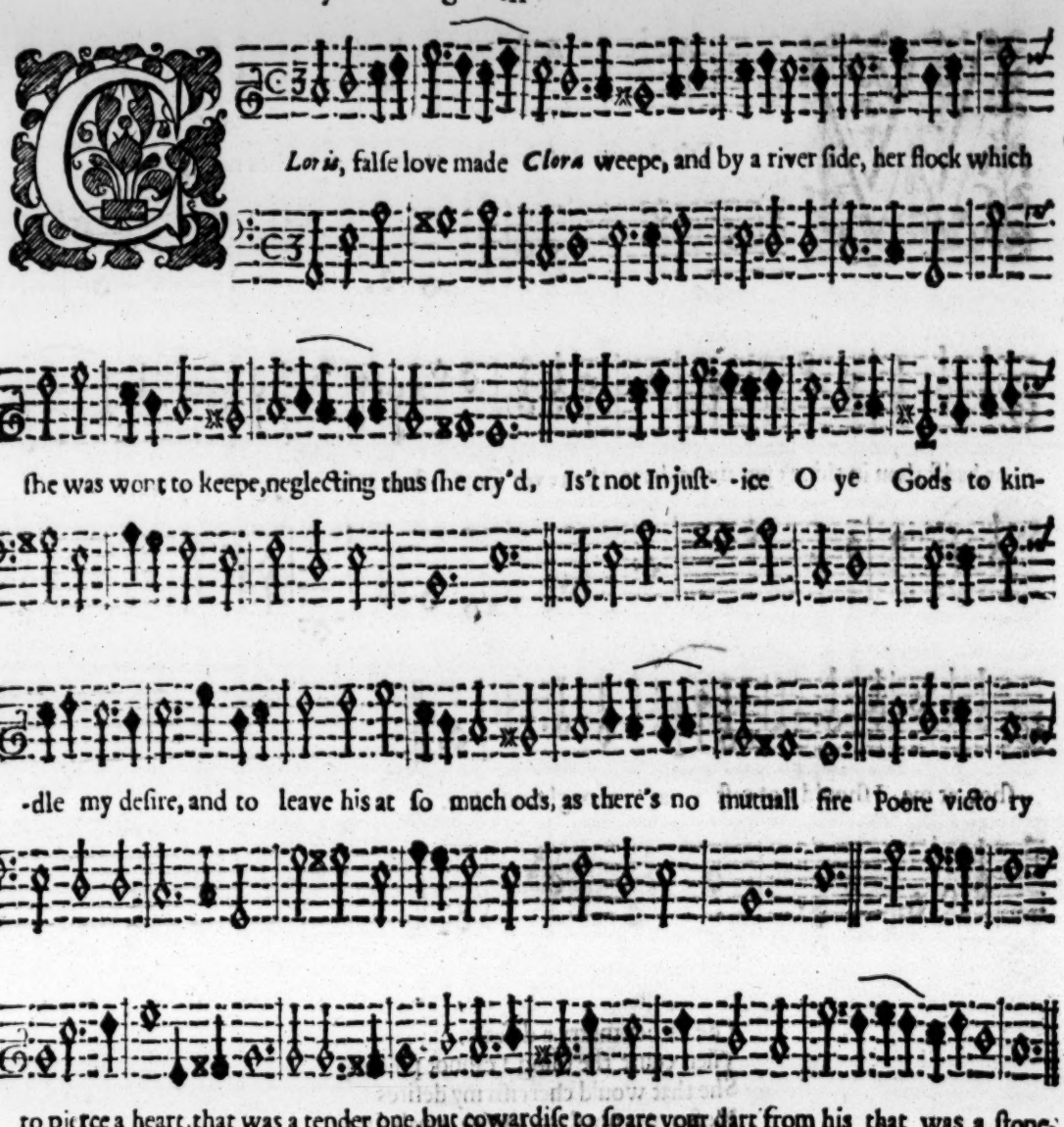
Hence saucy flearing Candle of the Skies,
Let us alone, we have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where *Cloris* eyes
Shine, that a paire of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

O night! whose sable vaile was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, then the noicefull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joyes away.
Farewell, farewell, &c.



Some gentle courteous winde betray me,
A sigh by whispering in her eare,
Or let some pitious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a teare,
Or two, or more, the hardest flint,
By often drops receives a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weake?
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speake;
Go then my muse, and let this verse
Bring back my life, or else my Hearse.



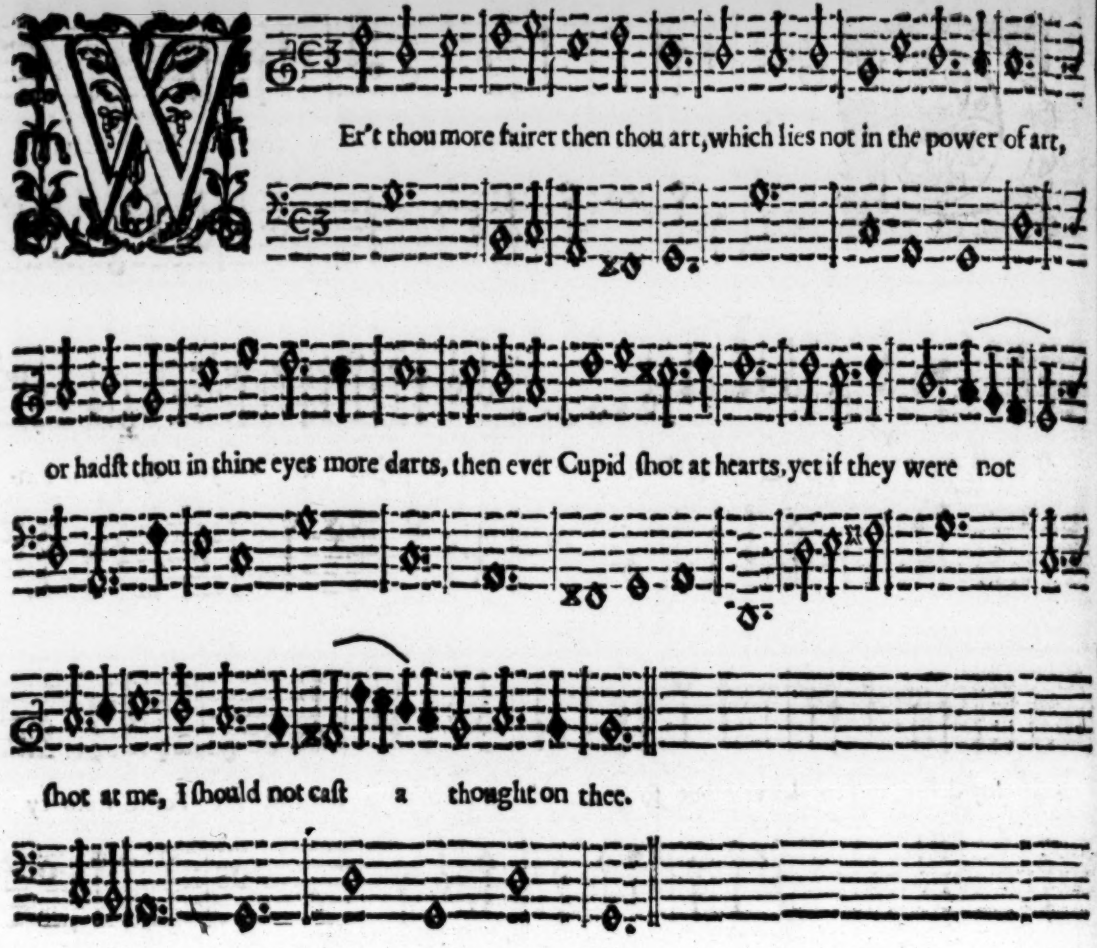
As she thus mourn'd, the teares that fell
Downe from her love sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her bloubard face appeare,
Now out alas sayd she,
How doe I melt away in teares
For him that loves not me.

Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse forme appeares,
Thus doe I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my teares.

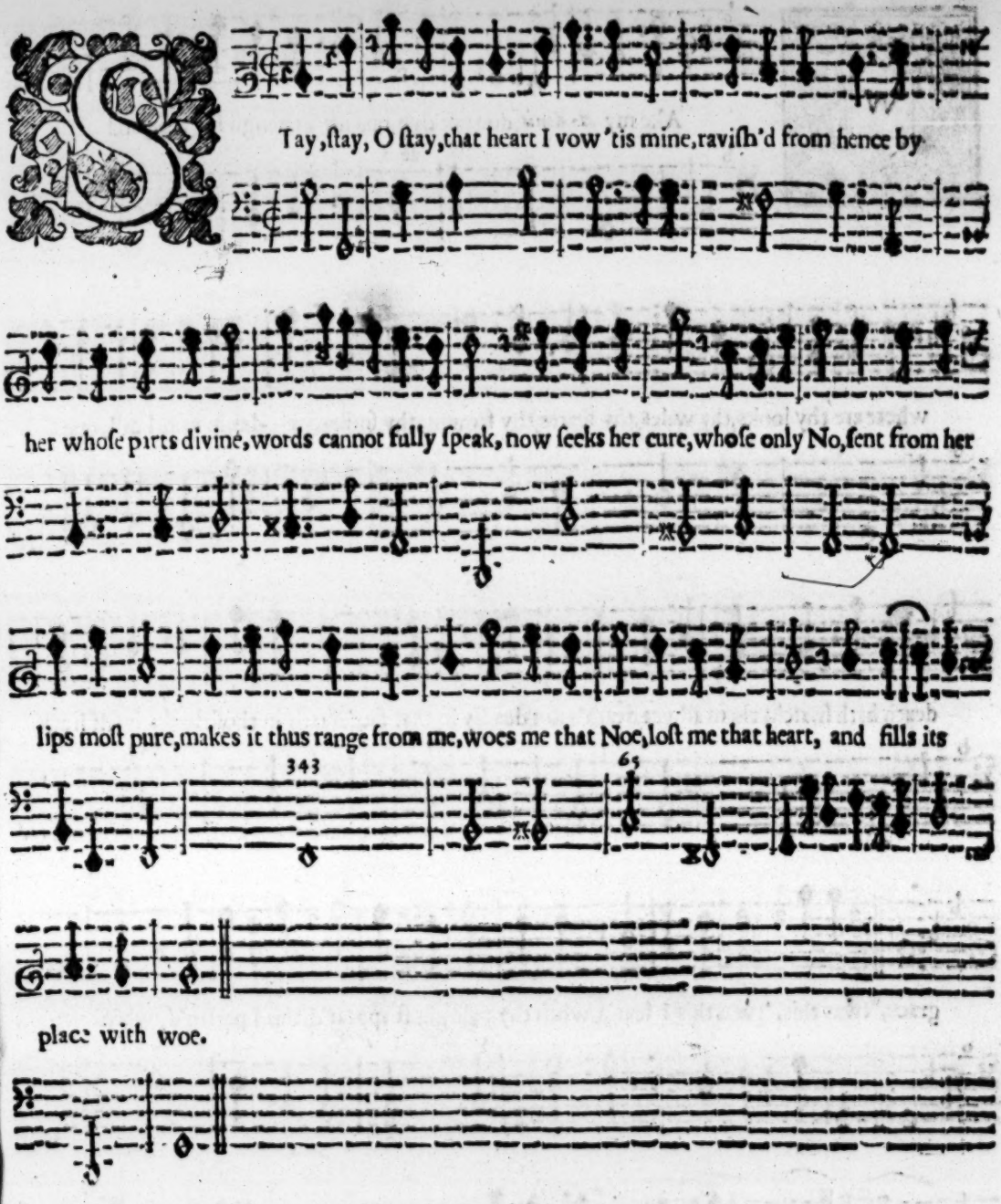
Breake not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streames by your faire side,
My Love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.

And thus in little drawne and dresst
In sad teares attire,
May force such passions from his brest,
Shall equall my desire.



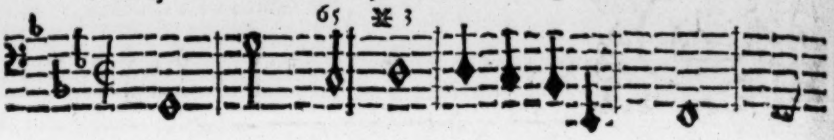
I'de rather marry a diſeaſe,
Then court the thing I cannot pleaſe;
She that would cherriſh my deſires
Muſt court my flames with equall fires:
What pleaſure is there in a kiſſe
To him that doubts the heart's not his?

I love thee not becauſe thou art faire,
Softer then downe, ſmoother then ayre;
Not for the Cupids that lye
In either corner of thine eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you, 'cauſe you love me.



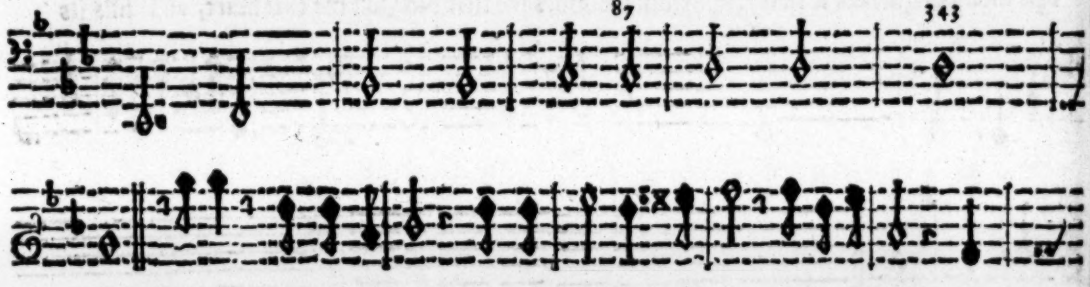
O hold it faſt, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both ſhould dy;
Perhaps ſhe may relent, and with one yes
Give us a ſecond life, treble our bliſſe:
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,
Since thou art loſt, ſees thee her ſacrifice.

Ake my *Adonis*, doe not dye, one life's enough for thee and I,

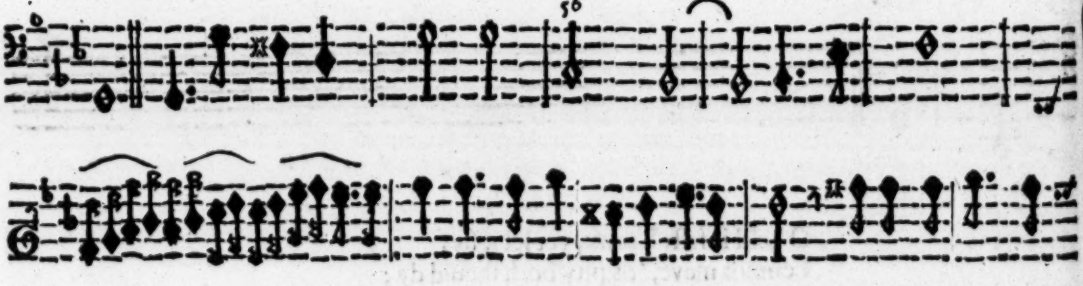


where are thy looks, thy wiles, thy feares, thy frowns, thy ſmiles, a- -las in vain I call, one

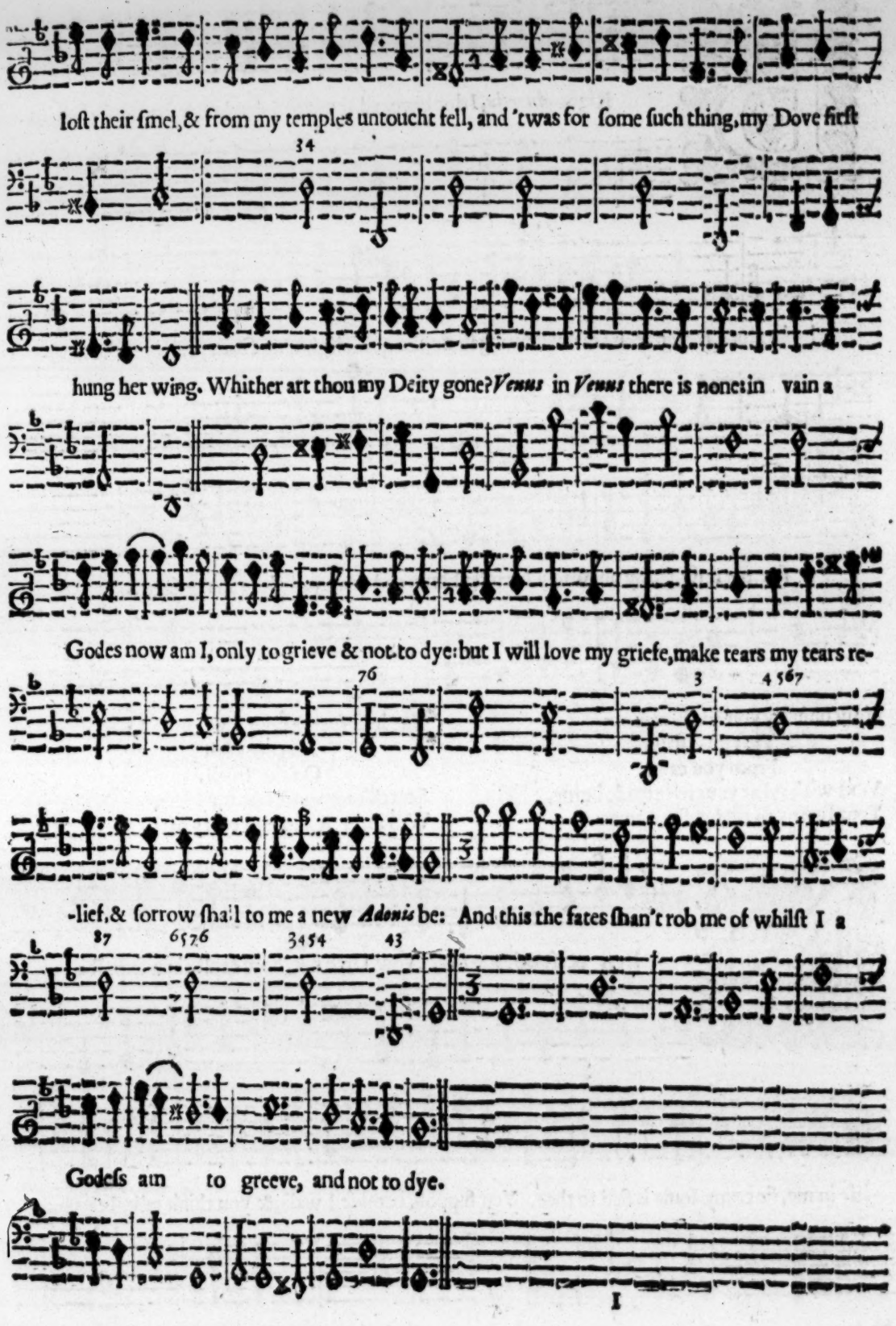
death hath ſnatcht them all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in thoſe looks it ſelf hath

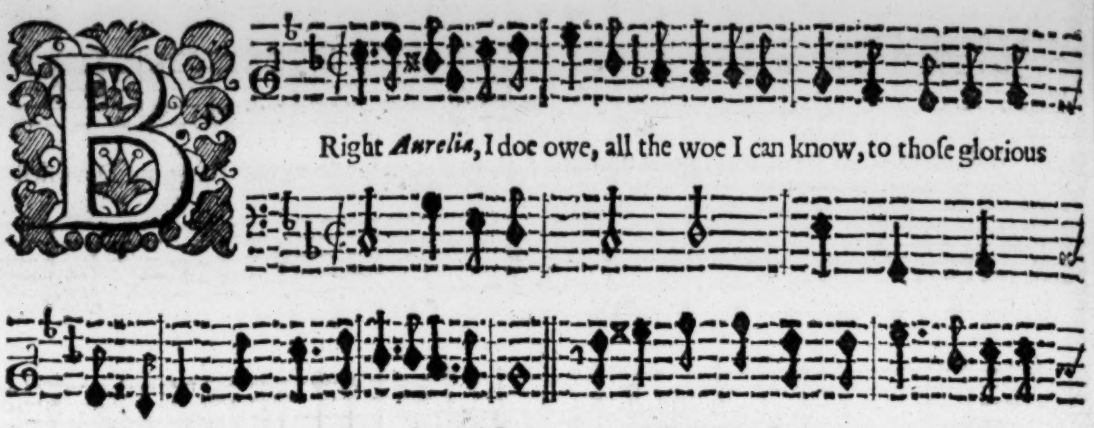


grace, 'twas this, 'twas this I fear'd, when thy pale ghoſt appear'd, this I preſag'd, when

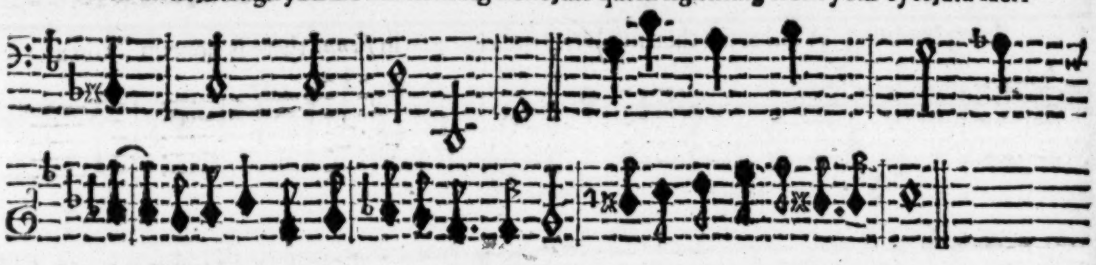


thun- - -de-ring *Jove*, tore the beſt mirtle in my grove, when my ſick roſe buds

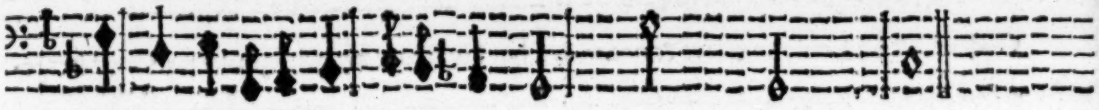

loſt their ſmel, & from my temples untoucht fell, and 'twas for ſome ſuch thing, my Dove firſt
hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone? *Venus* in *Venus* there is none: in vain a
Godes now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will love my griefe, make tears my tears re-
-lief, & ſorrow ſhall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the fates ſhan't rob me of whilſt I a
Godeſs am to greeve, and not to dye.



Right *Aurelia*, I doe owe, all the woe I can know, to thoſe glorious looks alone, though you are unrelenting ſtone, the quick lightning from your eyes, did ſacri-

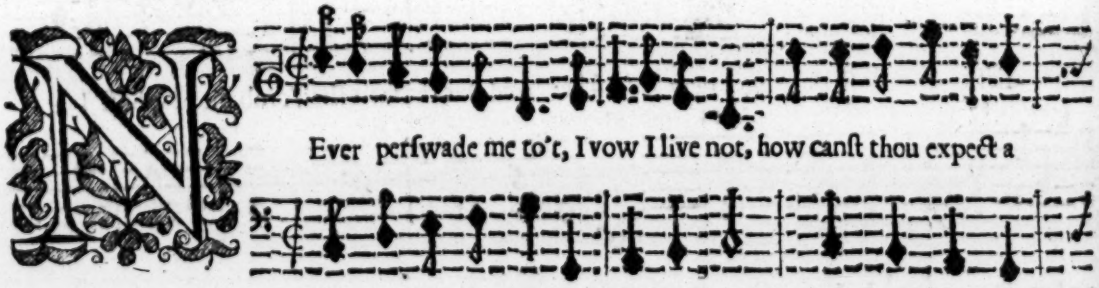


fice, my unwiſe, my un-wa-ry, harmles heart, and now you glory in my ſmart.



How unjuſtly you doe blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your ſelfe made burne,
Your ſcorns to tinder did it turne.

The leaſt ſparke now love can call,
That does fall
On the ſmall,
Scorch't remainder of my heart,
Will make it burne in every part.



Ever perſwade me to't, I vow I live not, how canſt thou expect a life in me, ſince my ſoule is fled to thee. You ſuppoſe becauſe I walk, & you think talk, I therfore

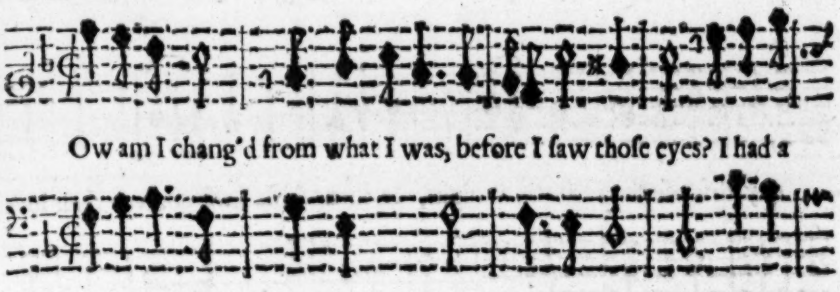
breath, ala you know ſhades as well as men do ſo.

You may argue I have heate,
My pulſes beate,
My ſighes have in them living fire,
And my eyes ſparke with deſire.

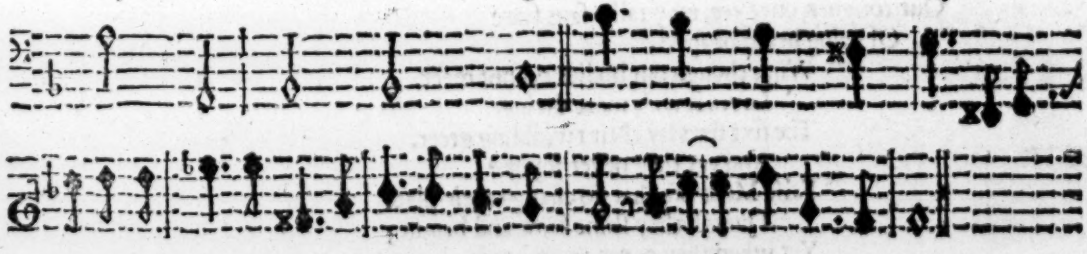
Grant your argument be truth, ☞
Such heats my youth
Enflame, as poyſons do only prepare
To make death their follower.

☞ Truth, ſuch heats my youth en-

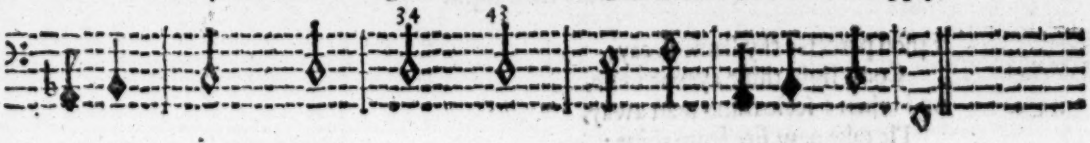
Ow am I chang'd from what I was, before I ſaw thoſe eyes? I had a



heart, but now alas, that room is fil'd with ſighs; for ſhe that rob'd me would not ſtay to let

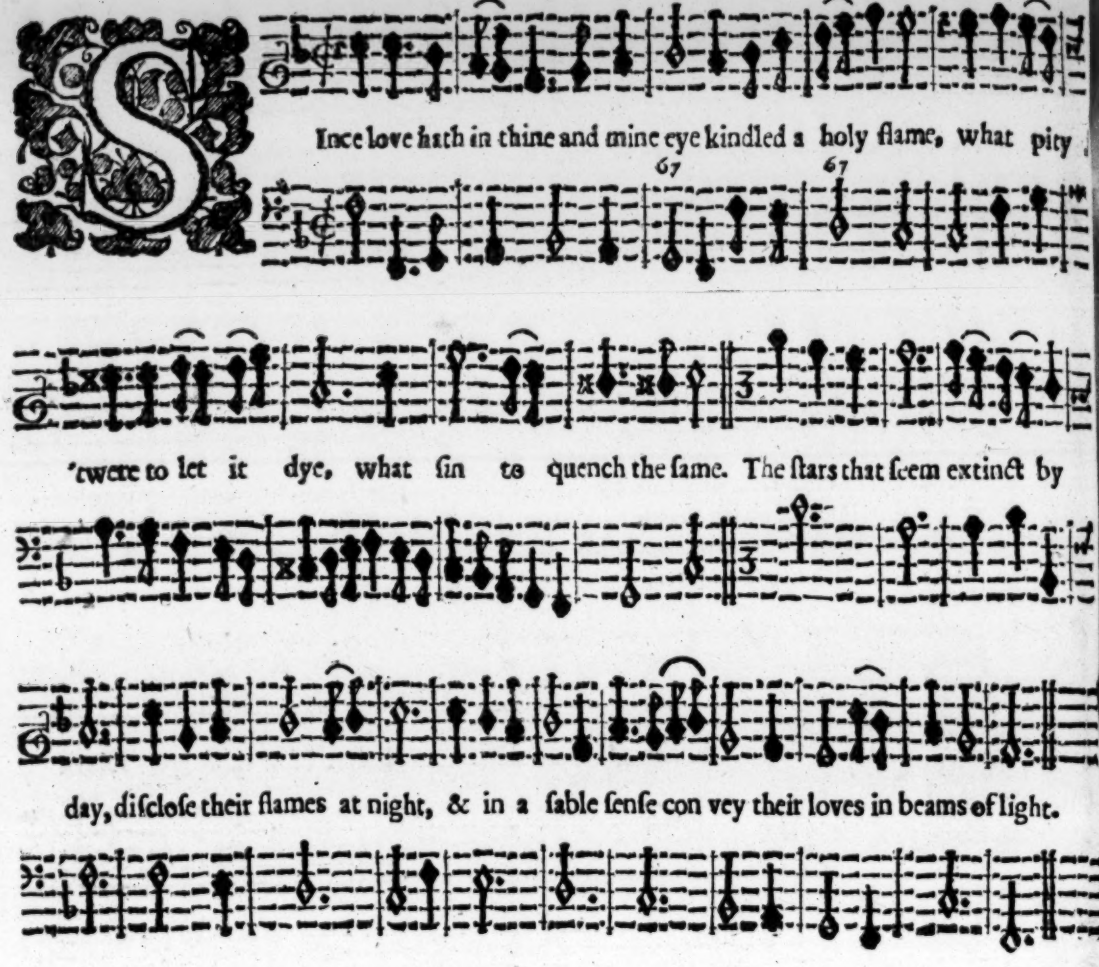


me ask her why ſhe ſtol't, or beg, ſhe'd find ſome way this theft with hers t'ſupply.



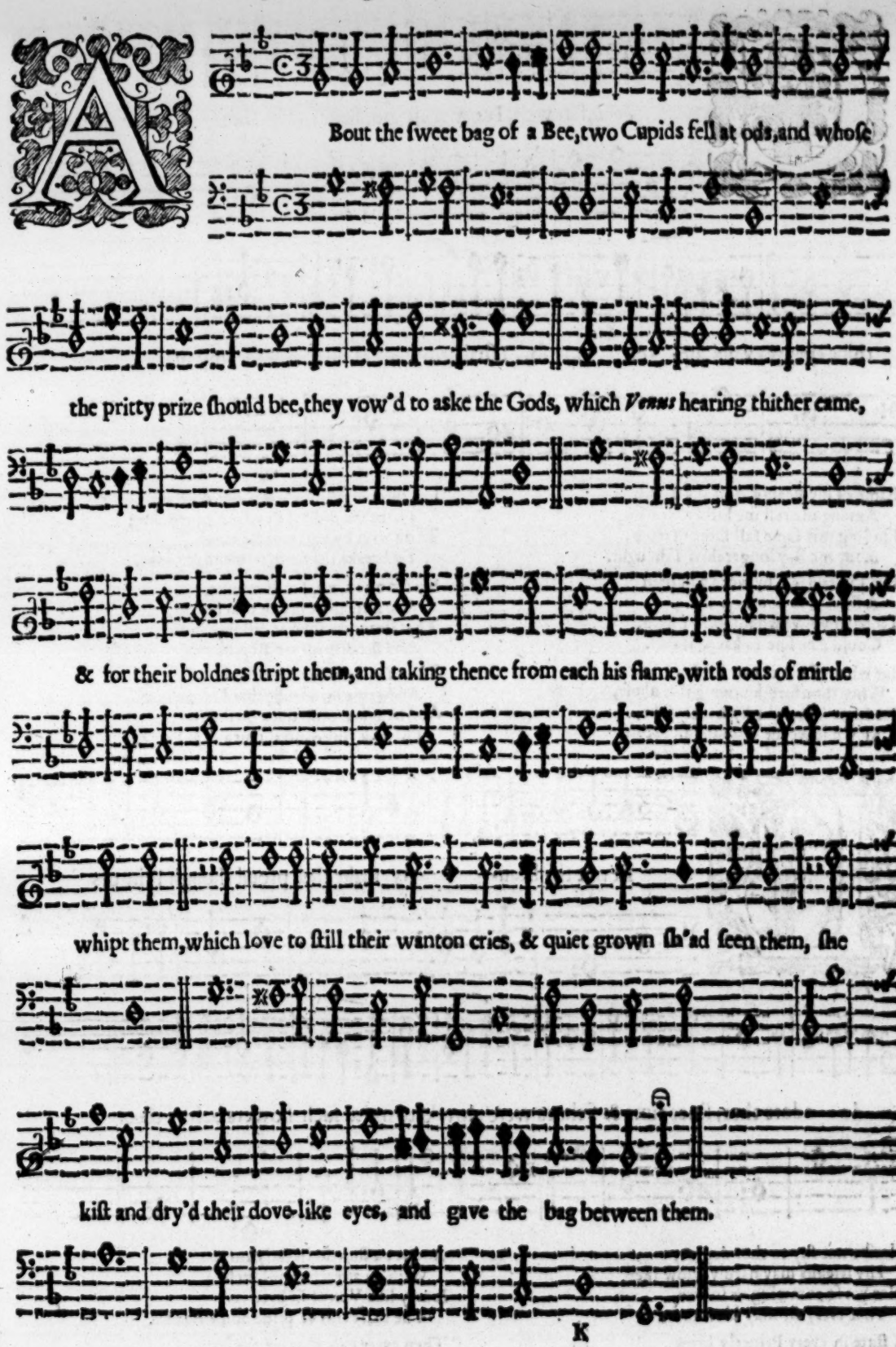
Thus am I left to court my griefe,
For when ſhe's out of ſight,
There can on earth be no reliefe,
Or ought that's true delight.

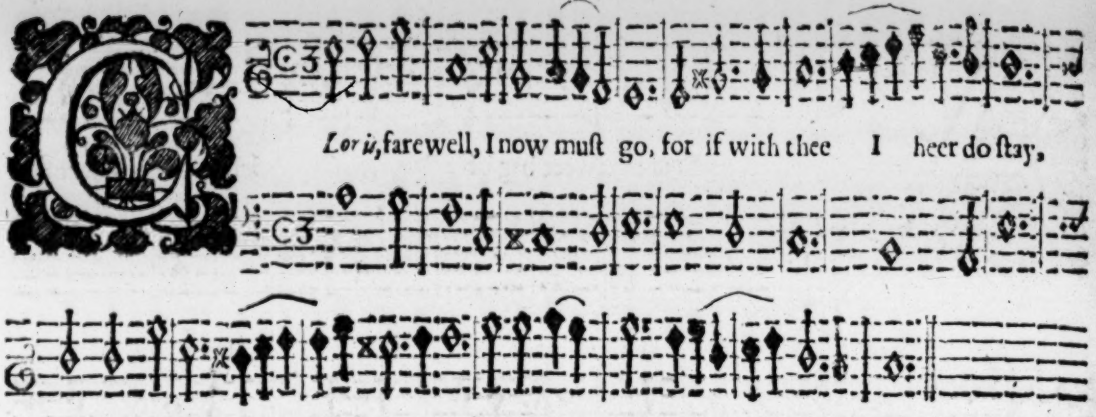
I'le therefore on ſome River ſide,
Wander to breath my woe,
And aske thoſe Nimphs how *Hylas* dy'd,
That I might doe ſo too.



So when the jealous eye and eare
Are ſhut or turn'd aſide,
Our tongues, our eyes, may talke ſans feare
Of being heard or ſpi'd.
What though our bodies cannot meet
Loves fewels more divine,
The fixt ſtars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyne?
Falſe Meateors that do change their place,
Though they ſhine faire and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall downe and loſe their light.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine,
And when I feele mine waſt away,
I'le take new fire from thine:
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſt
The flame of our deſire,
No Veſtall ſhall maintaine more chaſt,
Or more immortall fire.


About the sweet bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at ods, and whose
the pritty prize should bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods, which *Venus* hearing thither came,
& for their boldnes stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle
whipt them, which love to still their wanton cries, & quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she
kist and dry'd their dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Among the rest me hither brought,
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer then I thought.

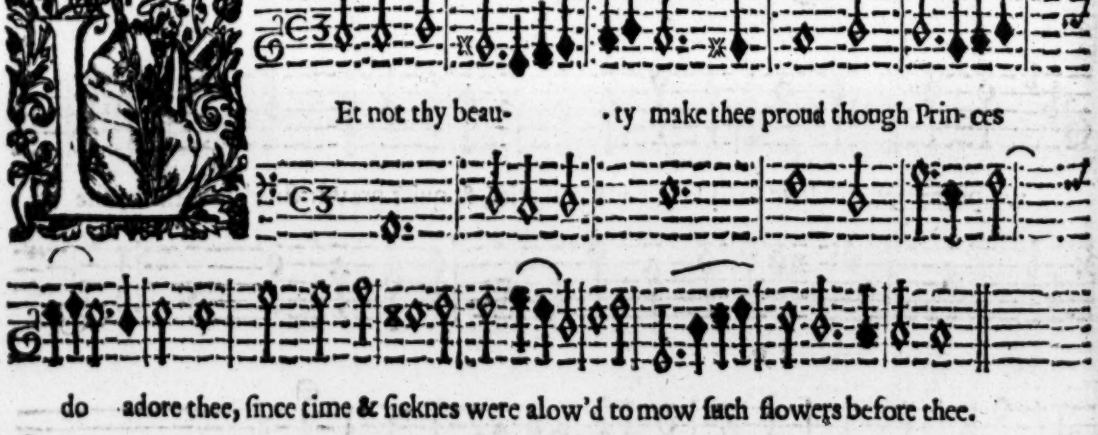
For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keepe it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To breake thy oath, to mend thy love.

No CLORIS, no, I will returne,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burne,
And she distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gaine such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But mak my constant meales at home.

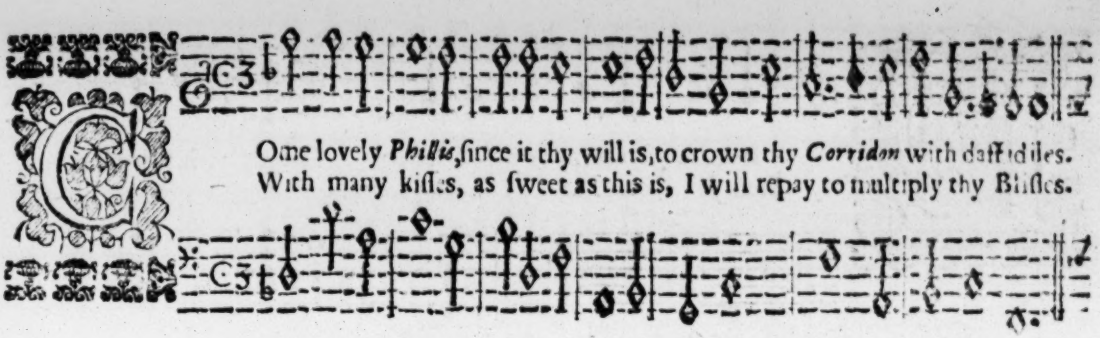


Nor be not shy to that degree,
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so comming or so free,
That every fly may blow thee.

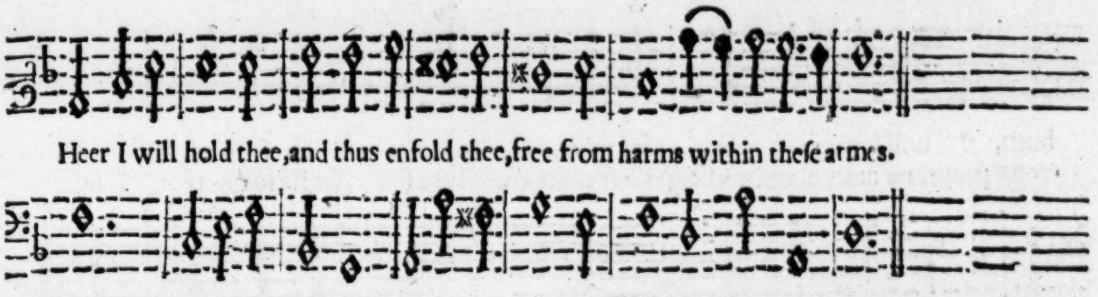
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildnesse;
It may like Vertue sit betwixt
The extreams of pride and vilenesse.

Then every eyes that see thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy vertue with a story.



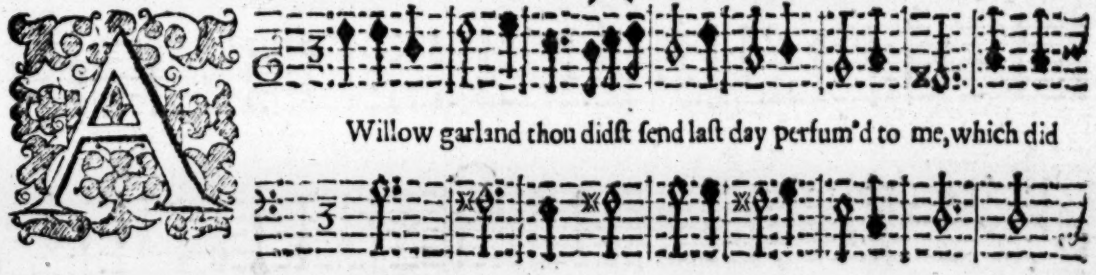
Come lovely *Phillis*, since it thy will is, to crown thy *Corridon* with daffodiles.
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy Blisses.



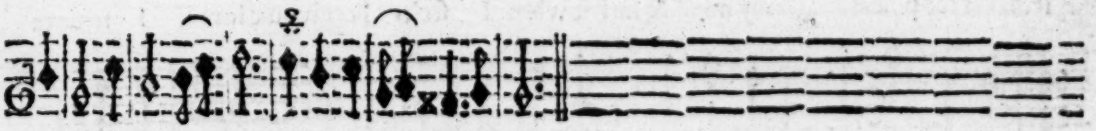
Heer I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these armes.

Sweet, still besmiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious houres and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the bankes no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vaine.

Thine eyes may wonder, that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feele fire of loves desire.



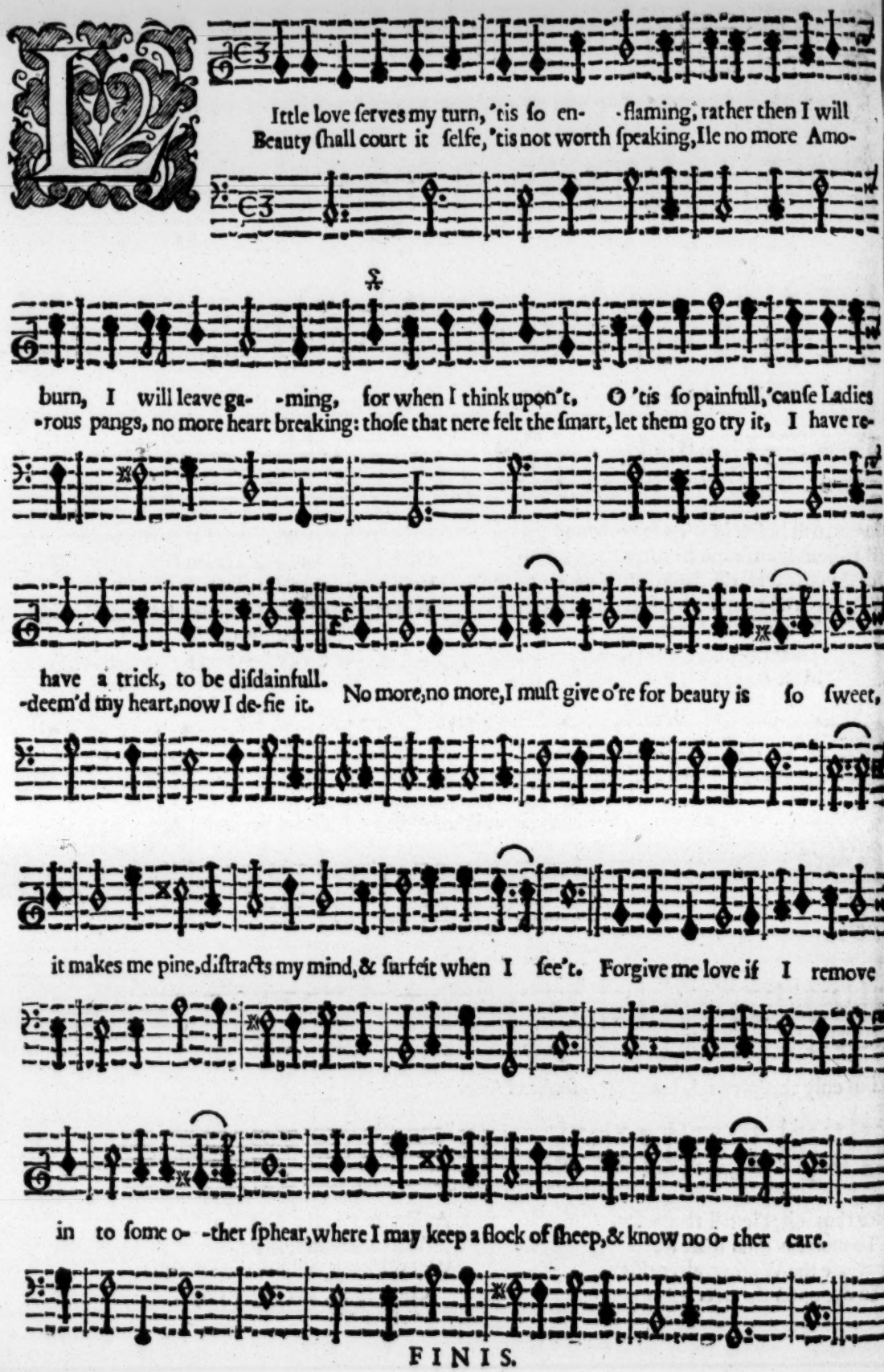
Willow garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to me, which did



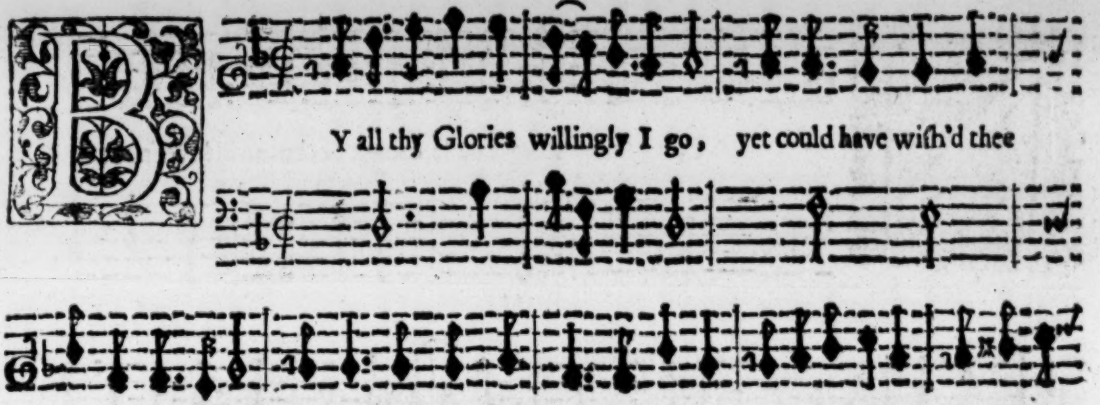
but only this protend, I was for-sooke of thee.

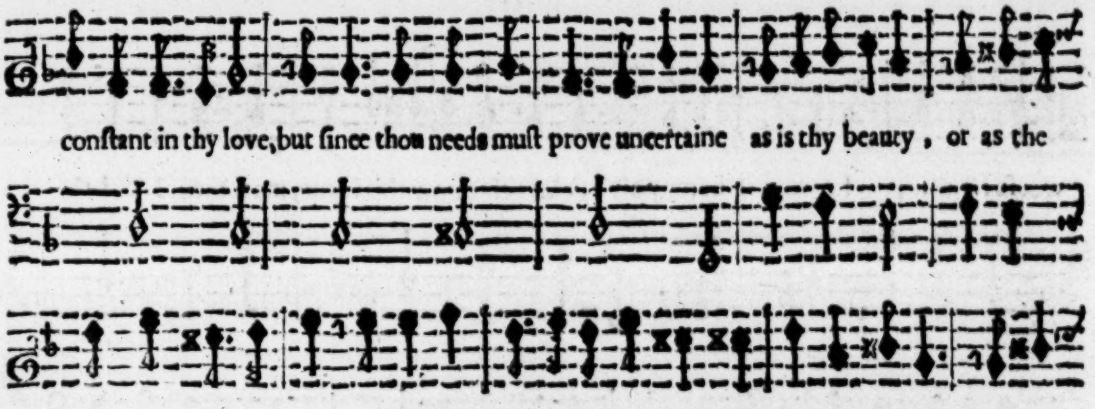
Since thus it is, I'le tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

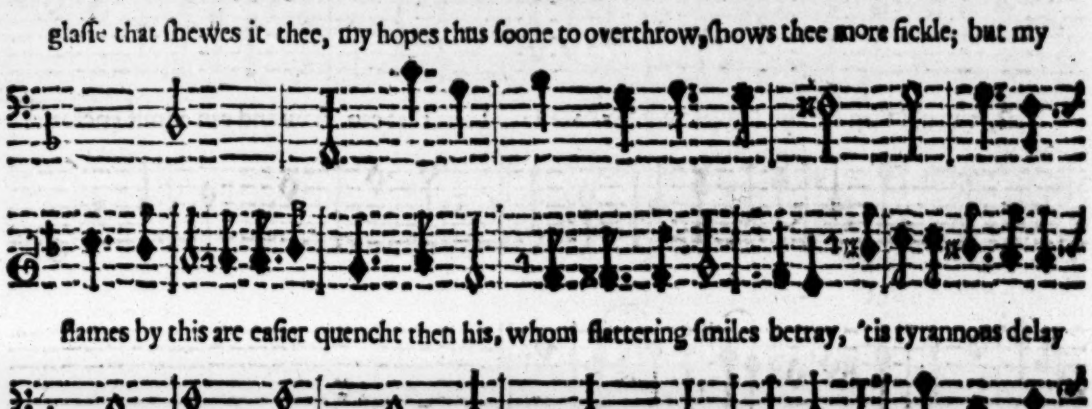
As Beasts unto the Altar go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly dye.

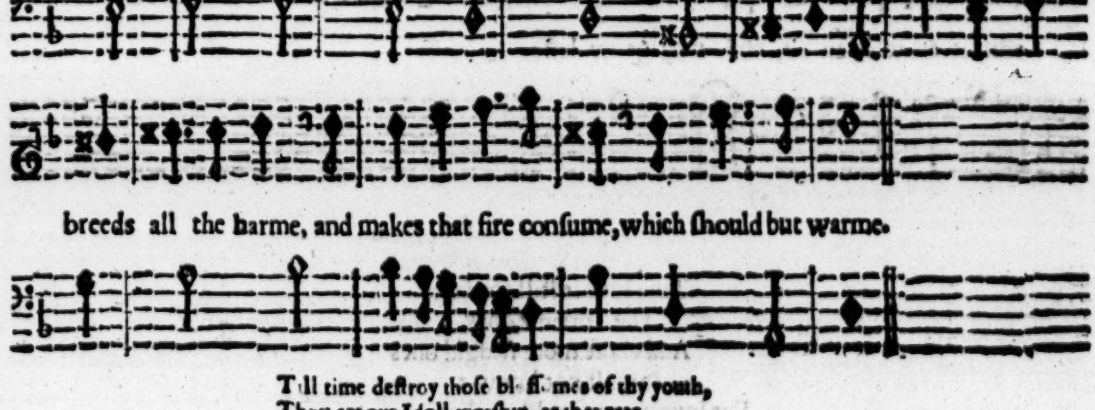

Ittle love serves my turn, 'tis so en- -flaming, rather then I will
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amo-
burn, I will leave ga- -ming, for when I think upon't, O 'tis so painfull, 'cause Ladies
-rous pangs, no more heart breaking: those that nere felt the smart, let them go try it, I have re-
have a trick, to be disdainfull.
-deem'd my heart, now I de-fie it.
No more, no more, I must give o're for beauty is so sweet,
it makes me pine, distracts my mind, & surfeit when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove
in to some o- -ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o- ther care.

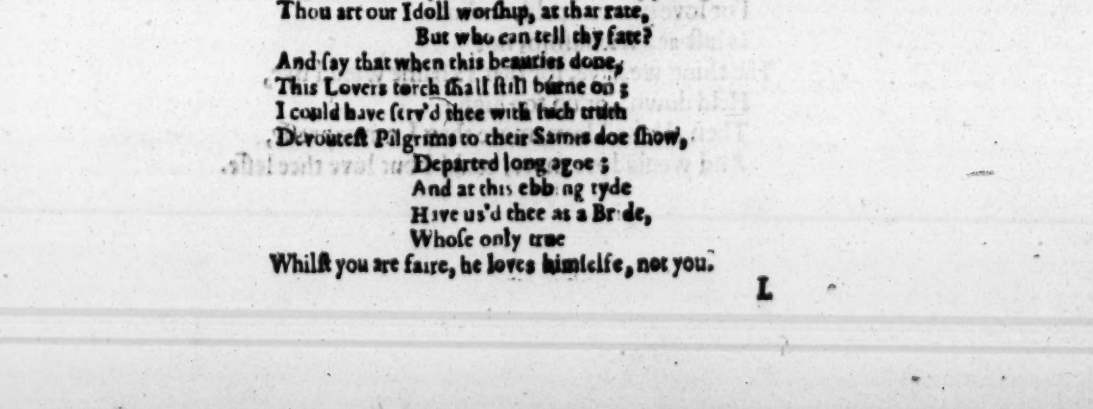
FINIS.



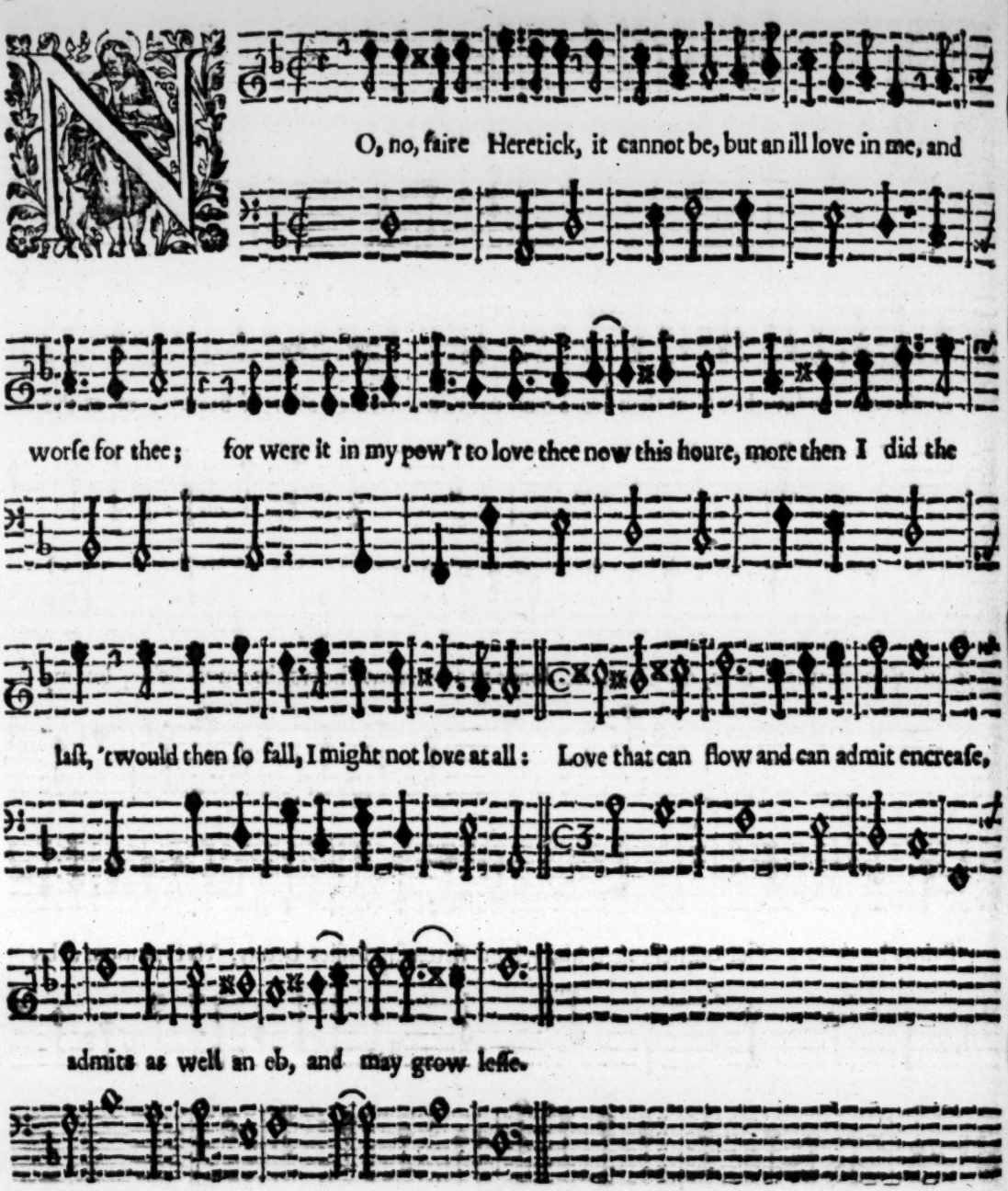




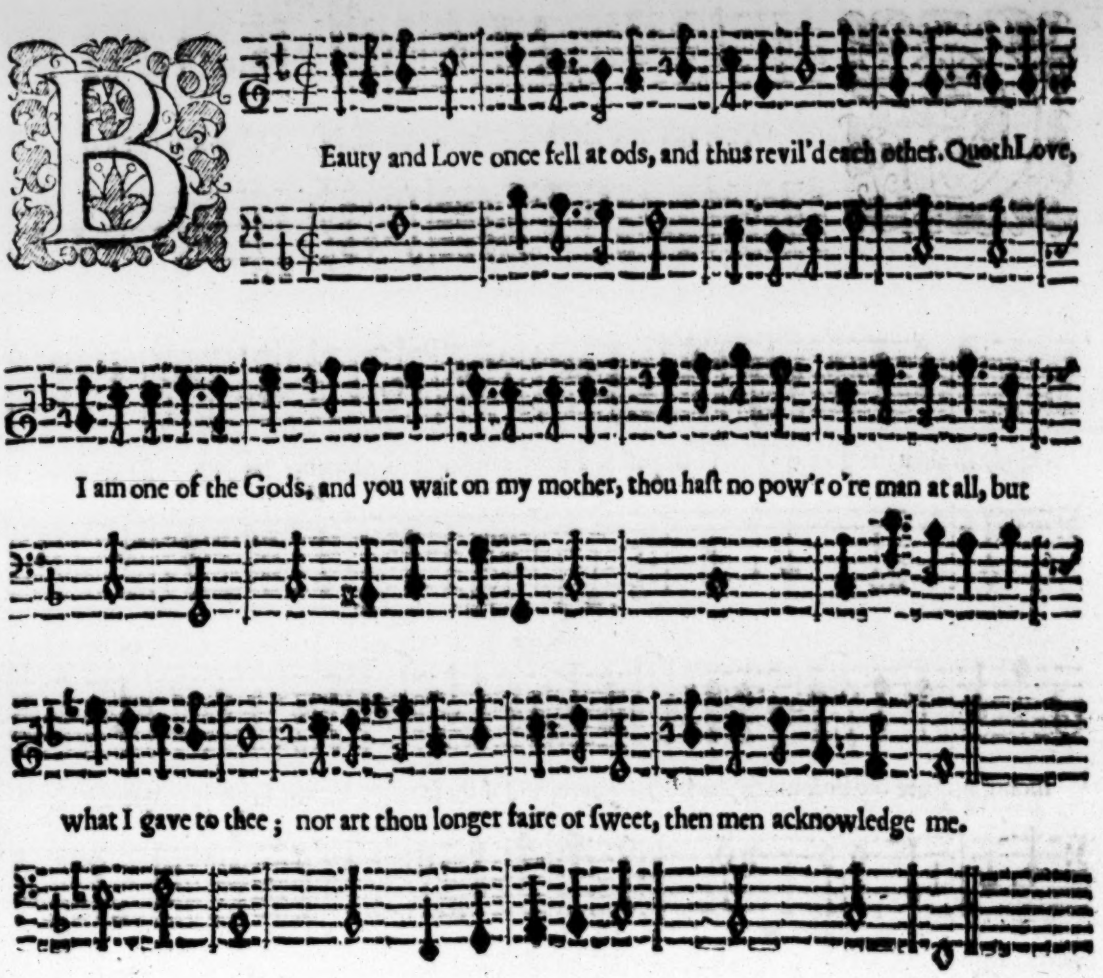




Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idoll worship, at that rate,
But who can tell thy fate?
And say that when this beauties done,
This Lovers torch shall still burne on;
I could have serv'd thee with such truth
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints doe show,
Departed long agoe;
And at this ebbing tyde
Have us'd thee as a Bride,
Whose only true
Whilst you are faire, he loves himselfe, not you.

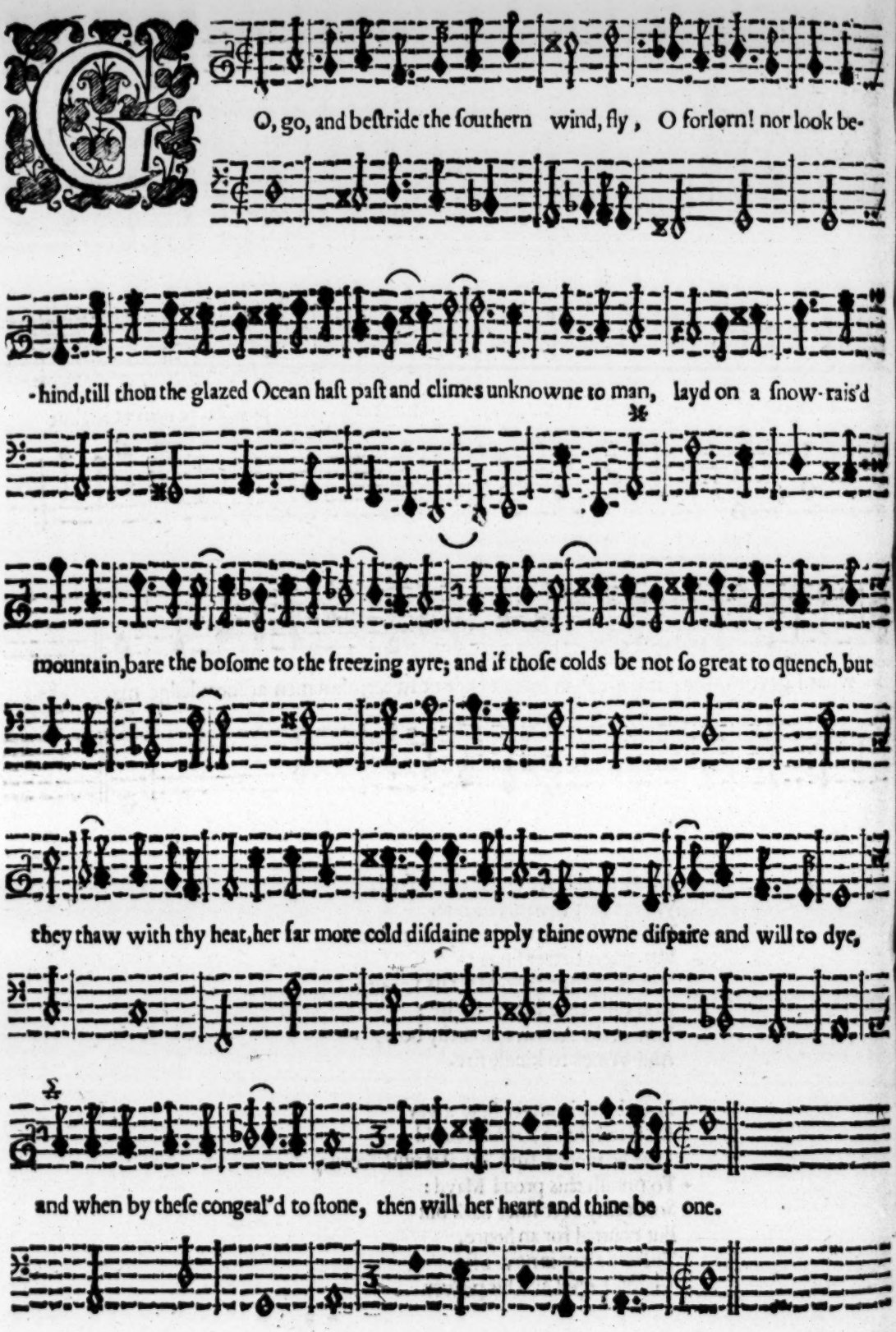


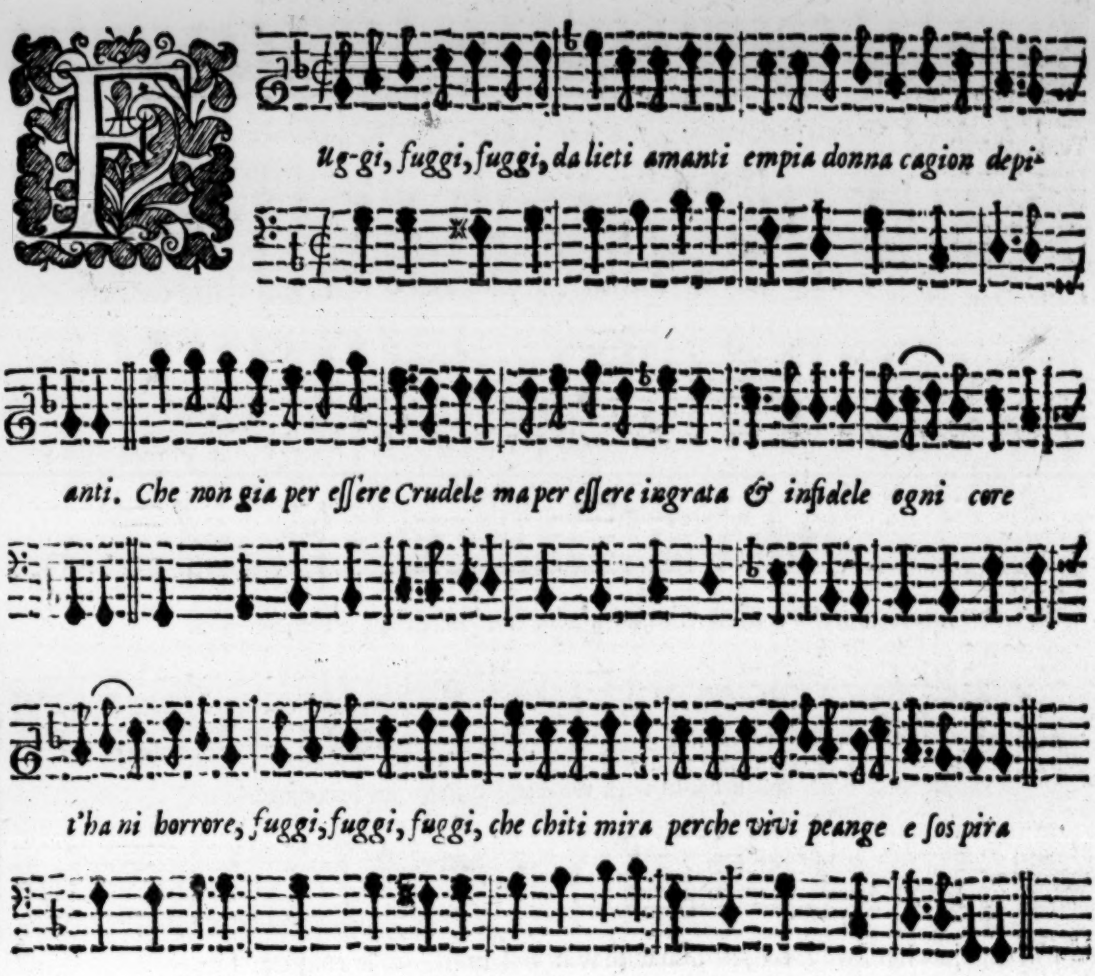
True love is still the same
The Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know:
For love growne cold, or hot
Is lust and friendship, not
The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,
Held downe, or up too high;
Then thinke I love, more then I can expresse,
And would love more, could I but love thee lesse.



Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd,
We see that thou art blinde,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better finde:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And cal'd thee blinde desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

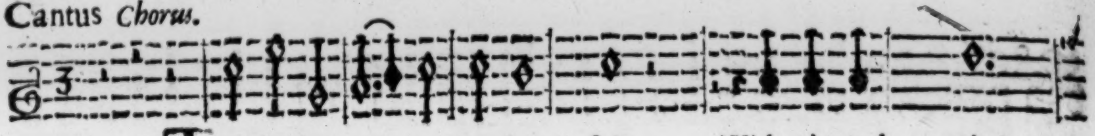
Love heere in anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorne,
To punish this proud Mayd:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an houre,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.


O, go, and beſtride the ſouthern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-
-hind, till thou the glazed Ocean haſt paſt and climes unknowne to man, layd on a ſnow-rais'd
mountain, bare the boſome to the freezing ayre; and if thoſe colds be not ſo great to quench, but
they thaw with thy heat, her far more cold diſdaine apply thine owne diſpaire and will to dye,
and when by theſe congeal'd to ſtone, then will her heart and thine be one.



Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera
Frede in fernale empia ma gera
Che se bene hai di Donna l'aspetto
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
Tutta danno tutt' inganno
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn un che t'ama
Il tuo ben piange, è il tuo mal brama

Cantus *Chorus.*



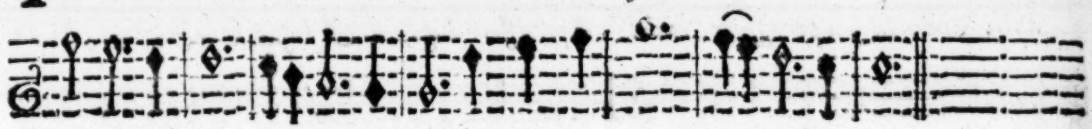
TO *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* ſing, With wine and mirth

Tenor.

TO *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* ſing, with wine & mirth with we'le conjure,

aſſus.

TO *Bacchus*, to *Bacchus*, we to *Bacchus* ſing, with wine & mirth we'le conjure

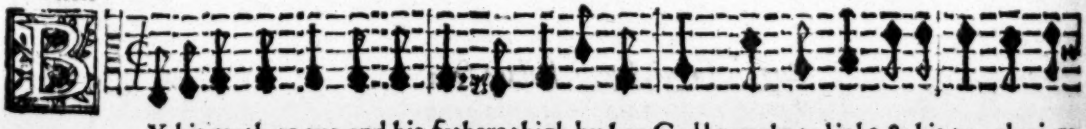


we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him, with wine and mirth we'le conjure him.

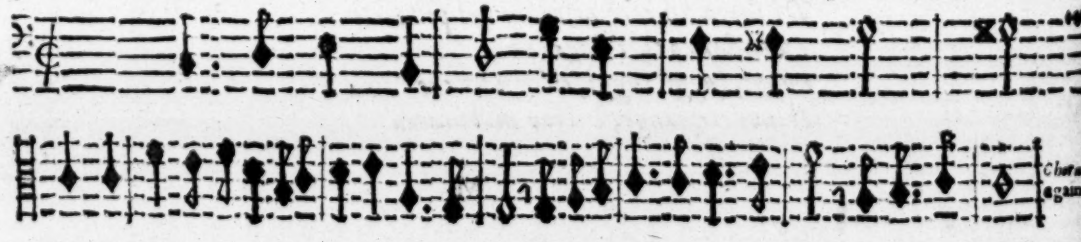
we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him, with wine and mirth we'le conjure him

we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him with wine and mirth we'le conjure him.

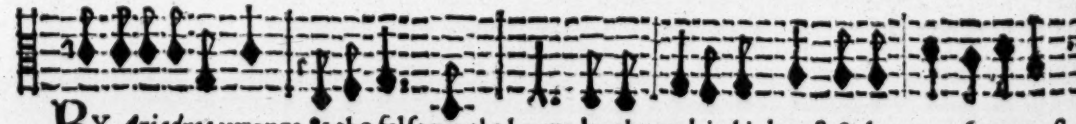
Verſe.



BY his mothers eye, and his fathers thigh, by her God brought to light, & his too glorious

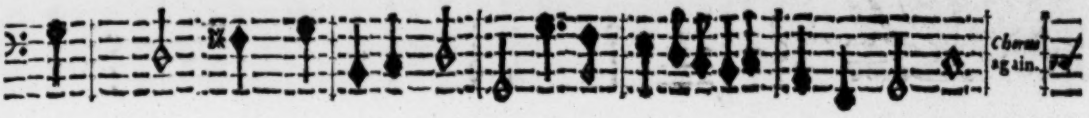


ſight, by *Junoes* deceit, and by thy ſad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear, in bottles heere.



BY *Ariadnes* wrongs & the falſe youths harms, by the rock in his breaſt, & her tears ſo oppreſt,

by the beauty ſhe fled,& the pleaſures of a bed,appear,appear,appear,appear,in bottles heer.

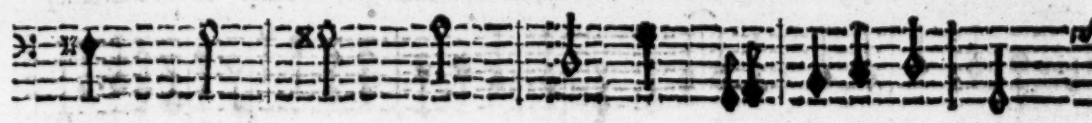


BY this purple wine thus pour'd on the Shrin,& by this beer glaſſe to the next kind Laſſe,by a

Girle twice nine,that will claſp like a Vine,that will claſp thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-

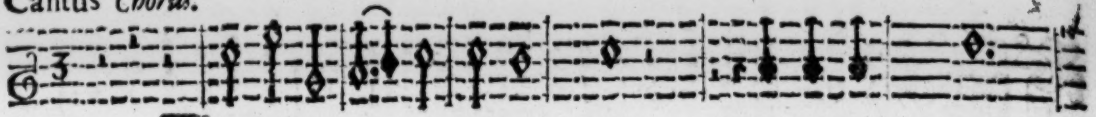
-pear,appear,in bottles heer. BY the men thou'ſt won & the women undon,by the friendſhip

thou haſt made,& the ſecrets betray'd,by the power over ſorrow,thus charm'd till to morrow,



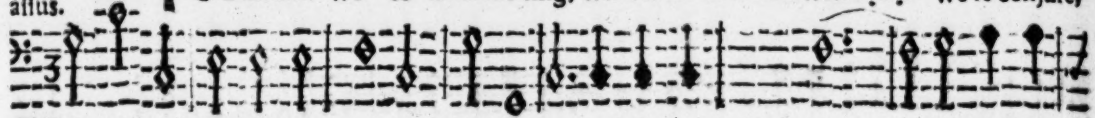
appear,appear,appear appear,in botles heer. *Chorus* againe.

Cantus *Chorus.*

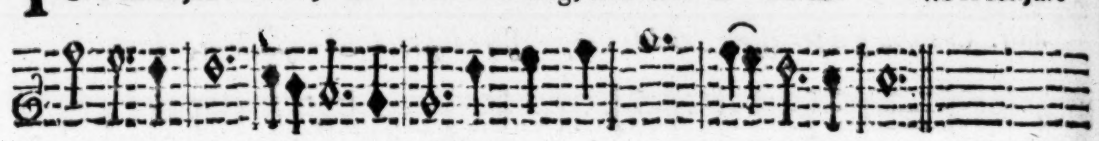


Tenor. TO *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* ſing, With wine and mirth

aſſus. TO *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* ſing, with wine & mirth with we'le conjure,



TO *Bacchus*, to *Bacchus*, we to *Bacchus* ſing, with wine & mirth we'le conjure

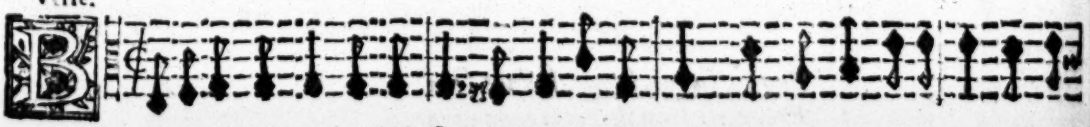


we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him, with wine and mirth we'le conjure him.

we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him, with wine and mirth we'le conjure him

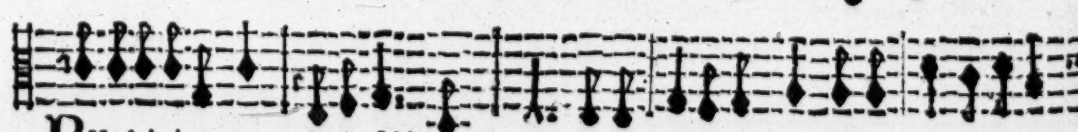
we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him with wine and mirth we'le conjure him.

Verſe.

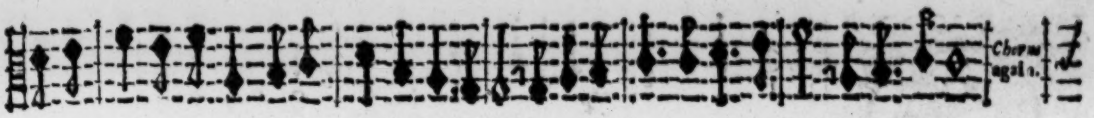


BY his mothers eye, and his fathers thigh, by her God brought to light, & his too glorious

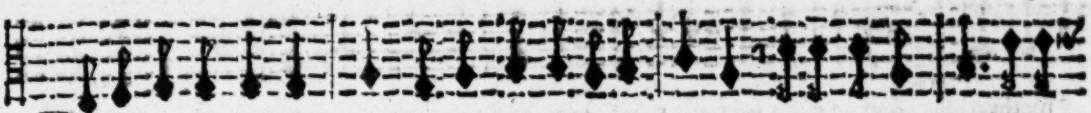
ſight, by *Junoes* deceit, and by thy ſad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear, in bottles heere.



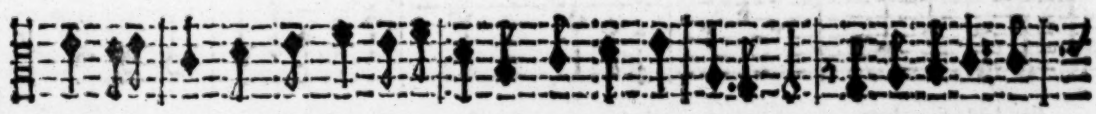
BY *Ariadnes* wrongs & the falſe youths harms, by the rock in his breaſt, & her tears ſo oppreſt,



by the beauty ſhe fled,& the pleaſures of a bed,appear,appear,appear,appear,in botles heer.



BY this purple wine thus pour'd on the Shrin,& by this beer glaſſe to the next kind Laſſe,by a



Girle twice nine,that will claſp like a Vine,that will claſp thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-

-pear,appear,in botles heer. BY the men thou'ſt won & the women undon,by the friendſhip

thou haſt made,& the ſecrets betray'd,by the power over ſorrow,thus charm'd till to morrow,

appear,appear,appear,appear,in botles heer. *Chorus* againe.

Uench, quench, in ſprighty wine your griefe, 'tis the true Pro-

methean fire, ſuch as gives ſad ſouls relief, chears & ſtrengthens, chears & ſtrengthens quick de-

Cho.

ſire, let's ſup then, till the world flye round about as the glaſs & the

Cho.

our cup then, till the world flye round about, round about as the glaſs & the flam

Cho.

let's ſup then, our cup then, till the world flye round about, round about as the glaſs & the

flame from our eye, ſtrike new day from the sky, 'tis wine muſt give us Im-mortality

& the flam from our eye, ſtrik new day from the sky, 'tis wine muſt give 'tis us Im-mortality

flame from our eye, ſtrike new day from the sky, 'tis wine muſt give, 'tis us Immortali-ty.

No matter though through fields of bloud
The Souldier 'gainſt his foe doe ſwim;
If when he hath paſt that flood,
His cup doth flow, up to the brim.
Let's ſup then, &c.

FINIS.